

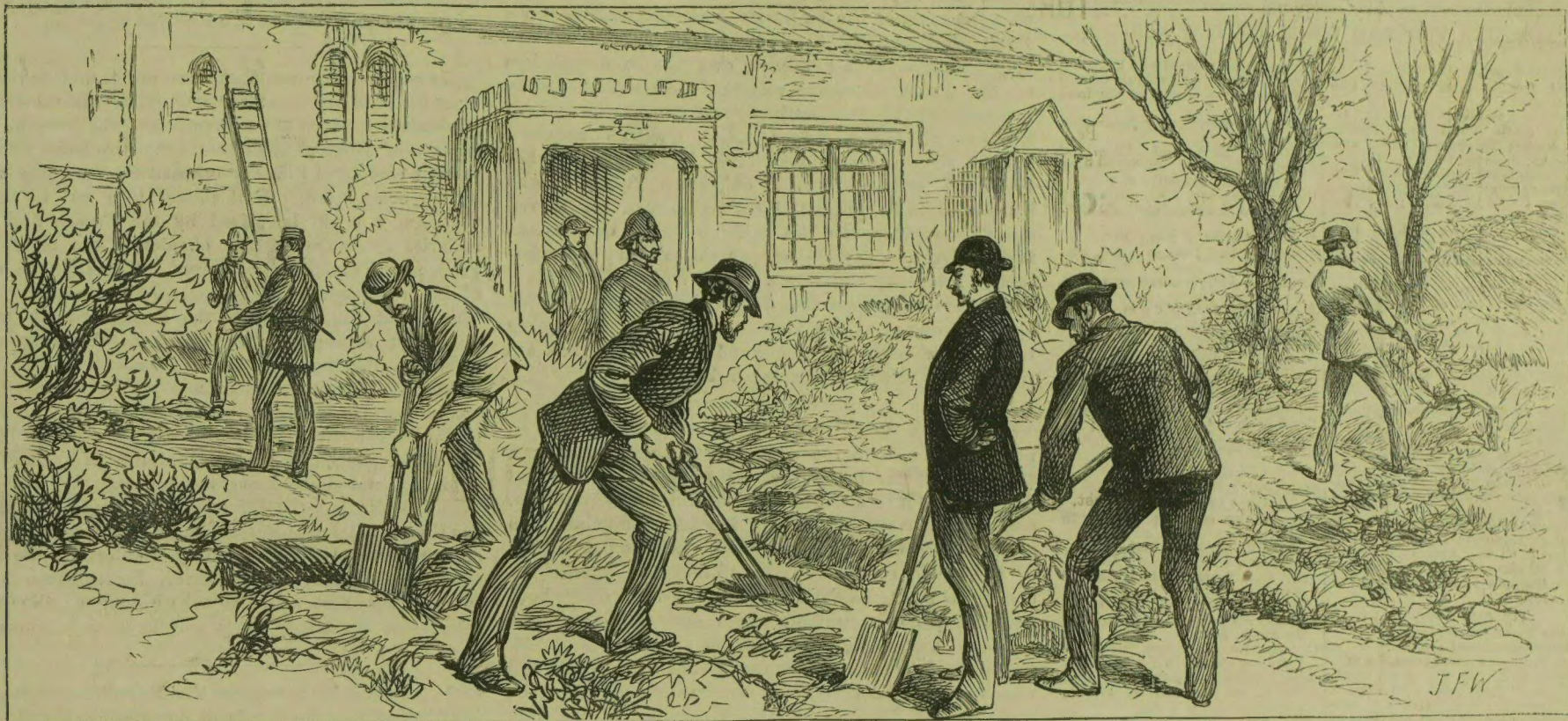
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2348.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE DYNAMITE PLOT: POLICE DETECTIVES DIGGING FOR BOMBS IN THE BACK GARDEN AT KYETT'S LAKE HOUSE.



THE DYNAMITE PLOT: KYETT'S LAKE HOUSE, GRAFTON-ROAD, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM, OCCUPIED BY EGAN AND DALEY.

MARRIAGE.

On the 12th inst. (Easter Eve) at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. James P. Boswell, M.A., uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. J. J. Glendinning Nash, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Woburn-square, John Irvine Boswell, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Faversham, Kent, second son of the late John Alexander Corrie Boswell, of H.M. Indian Civil Service, to Ellen Elizabeth (Daisy), only daughter of Edgar Horne, of 46, Russell-square.

DEATHS.

On the 8th inst., at Fernleigh, Harlesden, N.W., of heart disease, Henry Rumsey Forster; born at Wendover, Buckinghamshire, April 29, 1815.

On Jan. 21, 1884, at Winnipeg, Canada, William Henry Smith, formerly of the Royal Marines, eldest son of the late Rev. William Smith, M.A., Vicar of East Tuddenham and Honingham, Norfolk, aged 45.

On the 5th inst., after a brief illness, at No. 21, Eardley-crescent, South Kensington, Letitia M., daughter of the late Hon. Walter A. Yelverton, and beloved wife of James S. Egan, M.B.

On the 7th inst., Arthur Philip Hawthorn, Esq., in his 40th year. The deceased was the son of the late Robert Hawthorn, Esq., by his marriage with Agatha, daughter of George Shedden, Esq., of Spring Hill, Cowes, I.W. He was educated at Harrow, and was formerly in the 35th (Royal Sussex) Regiment; married, in 1851, Georgina, daughter of Robert Dickinson, Esq., Shotley House, county Durham.

On the 2nd inst., at Goldieale, Uddingston, Mary Duncombe, wife of Captain Charles C. Thomson. Friends will please accept of this (the only) intimation.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 26.

| SUNDAY, APRIL 20. | | London International and Universal Exhibition of Arts, &c., Crystal Palace, to be opened by the Lord Mayor. | |
|---|--|---|--|
| First Sunday after Easter. Low Sunday. | | Botanic Society, Spring-Exhibition, 2 p.m. | |
| Morning Lessons: Numbers xvi. 1-36; 1 Cor. xv. 1-29. Evening Lessons: Numbers xvi. 36, or xvii. 1-12; John xx. 24-30. | | Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. H. M. Whitley on Modern Locomotive Practice. | |
| St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendary Whittington; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. H. L. Paget. | | Geological Society, 8 p.m., papers by Principal Dawson and Rev. A. Irving. | |
| Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. F. K. Harford; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Rowell; 7 p.m., Archdeacon Farrar. | | Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. J. B. Redman on Thames Communications. | |
| St. James's, noon. | | Society of Antiquaries, anniversary, 2 p.m. | |
| Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. R. Appleton. | | Philharmonic Society, 8 p.m. | |
| Savoy, 11.30 a.m., the Bishop of Alaska; 7 p.m., W. M. Sinclair. | | Royal Free Hospital, festival dinner, Willis's Rooms. | |
| Charles, King of Roumania, born, 1839; accession, 1866. | | Albert Hall National Concert, 8 p.m. | |
| MONDAY, APRIL 21. | | THURSDAY, APRIL 24. | |
| British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m. | | Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Professor Dewar on Flame and Oxidation. | |
| Asiatic Society, 4 p.m. | | Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. | |
| Society of Arts, 8 p.m., discussion on Thames Water Supply. | | Telegraph Engineers' Society, 8 p.m. | |
| Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. T. C. Clarke on Improved Dwellings for Labourers and Artisans. | | Races: Thirk and Sandown. | |
| Victoria Institute, 8 p.m. | | FRIDAY, APRIL 25. | |
| Reassembling of Parliament. | | St. Mark, evangelist and martyr. | |
| Hibbert Lectures: Professor Albert Reville on the Ancient Religions of Mexico and Peru (in French). | | New moon, 2.55 p.m. | |
| St. George's Hall, 5 p.m. (first of six lectures). | | Sun partially eclipsed; invisible in Britain. | |
| TUESDAY, APRIL 22. | | Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m. | |
| Easter Law Sittings begin. | | Architectural Association, 6.30 p.m., Mr. E. J. Tarver on the History of Architecture. | |
| Horticultural Society, 11 a.m. | | Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. W. G. Pedder on Law of Landlord and Tenant in India. | |
| Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. | | Conservation of Canon Stubbs as Bishop of Chester in York Minster. | |
| Statistical Society, 7.45 p.m., Lieut. H. B. Willock, R.E., on English Express Trains in 1871, and a Comparison between them and those of 1883. | | Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Mr. Walter Besant on the Art of Fiction, 9 p.m. | |
| Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m. | | SATURDAY, APRIL 26. | |
| Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dean Burgon on Divinity (four days). | | Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. Hodder Westropp on Recent Researches in Roman Archeology—the Colosseum. | |
| Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Dr. E. Klein on the Anatomy of Nerve and Muscle. | | Geologists' Association, excursion to Guildford. | |
| Races: Epsom Spring Meeting. | | Society of Schoolmasters, 2 p.m. | |
| WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23. | | Physical Society, 3 p.m. | |
| St. George's Day. | | Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m. | |
| Albert, King of Saxony, born, 1828. | | Artists' Benevolent Fund, anniversary dinner, Freemasons' Tavern. | |
| Royal Society of Literature, anniversary, 4.30 p.m. | | London Musical Society, evening concert. | |

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 26, 1884.

| Sunday. | Monday. | Tuesday. | Wednesday. | Thursday. | Friday. | Saturday. |
|---------|---------|----------|------------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| h m | h m | h m | h m | h m | h m | h m |
| 8 35 | 9 15 | 9 58 | 10 35 | 11 15 | 11 57 | 12 38 |

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

Cheap Half-Guinea First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 38s. 2d.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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The Day Special Express Service will commence on May 1 for the Season.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNEIGHT, General Manager.

HENLEY REGATTA. Painted by WALTER FIELD. NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. DICKINSON'S, 114, New Bond-street, W., from Ten till Dusk. Admission Free.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. Is.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CISERT'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS, including M. Fortuny's Picture, "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE REVE, written by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which, an entirely New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENING, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain.—MORNING PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2.30; EVENINGS, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open from Ten to Six. No charge for Booking.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. OPEN EVERY EVENING with the New Farical Comedy by C. H. Hawley, called THE PRIVATE SECRETARY, at Nine. Preceded by Sydney Grundy's one-act Comedy, IN HONOUR BOUND, at Eight. For Cast see Daily Papers. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office at the Theatre open daily from Eleven to Five. Prices from 1s. to 43s. Telephone, 3700. No fees or gratuities.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

See opinions of all the leading daily and weekly papers on the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. "Times," "Standard," "Daily News," "Post," "Advertiser," "Chronicle" of April 15; "Lloyd's," "Weekly Times," "News of the World," "Era," &c., &c. Great success of the new Artists, Mr. TOM WARD, Major BURK. The New Comic Sketch of the DUDES AND DUESSES. EVERY NIGHT at Eight. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, Three and Eight. Fanteuil, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Arcs, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 7.30 and 7.20. Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

The people of England will have learnt with peculiar satisfaction that the health of her Majesty has been sufficiently restored to enable her to fulfil the promise of visiting her son-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse. The Queen and Princess Beatrice are now enjoying a fortnight's rest at Darmstadt, the home of the late Princess Alice, prior to the marriage, postponed under such painful circumstances, of her Majesty's granddaughter to Prince Louis of Battenberg. It is more than seven years since Queen Victoria, then mourning over the irreparable loss of the Prince Consort, sustained her second family bereavement by the untimely death of the Grand Duchess of Hesse, whose noble qualities endeared her to all who knew her. Not less melancholy has been the sudden removal of Prince Leopold, who had hoped to be present at the wedding of his beloved sister's daughter. In the midst of her own recent maternal sorrow, her Majesty sought relief by her affectionate sympathy with the widowed Duchess of Albany, and we sincerely hope that it may be further mitigated by her presence at the nuptial ceremony that promises to add to the happiness of a granddaughter, in whom are reflected the virtues of Princess Alice.

The Easter recess this year has been to large classes an acceptable break in the current of daily life. Although the weather has been cold and ungenial to all, and dangerous to invalids, it has been bracing to the vigorous, and fairly favourable to the increasing number who at this season seek for change in country scenes or at seaside resorts. If the "ethereal mildness" of spring has been entirely lacking, the Easter holidays have not been spoilt by dripping skies. Dry weather was a precious boon not only to the multitude of excursionists, but to the thousands of Volunteers who sacrificed ease and recreation to take part in the rough campaigning on the south coast of England. Our auxiliary forces have outlived the days of show reviews and marches past. On Saturday and Monday they were engaged in somewhat complicated military manoeuvres at Portsmouth and Dover, which tested their proficiency and endurance; and not a few battalions, having more leisure if not more pluck than their comrades, marched down from London to the scene of operations. It is a moot point whether the division supposed to have come from Salisbury relieved the garrison of Hilsa, pent up by a foreign force, but less doubtful as to the defeat of the invader at Dover. What is certain is that, except a too zealous expenditure of powder, our riflemen behaved with military discipline and intelligence during their arduous operations, and have been highly praised by those in command for their soldier-like qualities and military spirit. The 25,000 men or more who were thus brigaded may be the élite of our Volunteer force, but it is remarkable that our second line of defence consists of at least 200,000 riflemen, more or less trained, who would be ready to come forward at the call of duty to act in conjunction with our regular troops.

Though the din of party conflict has already recommenced at Birmingham, Manchester, and elsewhere, there are more agreeable and novel incidents of the week to take note of, such as the festivities in connection with the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University. Since Scotland was united with England there has been no such celebration as that which has this week occupied the attention and taxed the resources of the citizens of "auld Reekie." In the preparation of the five-days' programme the civic officials have actively co-operated with the University authorities. No jealousy exists between them. The town and gown antipathies, which are rife at Oxford and Cambridge, are unknown in Edinburgh. All Scotland is proud of its chief seat of learning—the youngest and strongest of them all—which numbers amongst its alumni such honoured names as Bell, Simpson, Black, Playfair, Brewster, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, Sir W. Hamilton, and Thomas Carlyle. Grand receptions, the presentation of addresses by delegates from learned bodies, and the conferring of degrees, will be relieved by banquets, balls, concerts, illuminations, fireworks, and a torchlight procession of students. Sir Stafford Northcote has an arduous task before him; though, perhaps, more agreeable than political conflict in the Parliamentary arena. But we hope the amiable Chancellor will survive the monster Edinburgh programme which he has to see carried out. The Scottish people owe much to the democratic character of their Universities, the advantages of which are not limited to the well-to-do classes, but are more or less available by all sections of the community.

The Easter recess has enabled M. Ferry and other Ministers to do honour to the memory of M. Gambetta, on the unveiling of a statue to the great French patriot at Cahors, his native town. As time rolls on, it becomes increasingly evident that when he died, little more than a year ago, that distinguished patriot had completed his life work—the consolidation of the Republic, for which he laboured and suffered. He was neither a constructive statesman of the highest class, a patient diplomatist, nor a profound tactician. When M. Ferry says the decease of M. Gambetta created a void which can never be filled, he spoke the truth only in a restricted sense. His illustrious countryman was better fitted for the rôle of an enlightened Dictator than of a responsible Prime Minister. He was the Premier of a few weeks, while his successor, though greatly inferior in ability, has by good management retained office for fourteen months; partly, it must be allowed, by dexterously availing himself of the prestige of M. Gambetta. The political rival has become an enthusiastic eulogist, and the French people are quite content to accept the situation.

It may be, however, that there are troublous times in store for M. Ferry and his colleagues, notwithstanding the successful campaign of the French forces in Tonquin. The capture of Hong-Hoa without serious resistance for the present completes military operations, the rainy season having commenced. If it should turn out to be true that Amoy is to be seized by the French fleet as a material guarantee, a new chapter in the relations of France with the East has opened. The supreme object of her statesmen is to secure a heavy indemnity from China, and thus reconcile the French people to the aggressive action of their rulers in the kingdom of Annam. Whether the Court of Peking will once again yield is a question that cannot yet be answered. It would seem that the Empress has cashiered Prince Kung, the peace Minister, for his dilatory policy, degraded the Viceroy of Canton, ordered the Governor of Yunnan to be punished, and decreed a general levy. All this has a warlike look; but the Chinese Government, although it has threatened hostilities for more than a year past, has done nothing beyond furtively reinforcing the Black Flags in Tonquin. If, however, the supreme authorities at Peking are about to act with vigour, the British colonies at the treaty ports will have an anxious time of it.

It is reasonable to suppose that Egyptian complications greatly exercise the minds of our responsible Ministers during the recess. Mr. Gladstone, whose health is improving as fast as the bleak east wind will allow, has been able to remove to the delightful seat of Mr. Leveson Gower, at Holmbury Hill, and thither Lord Granville has followed him. How to prevent everything falling to pieces at Cairo has no doubt been the subject of anxious deliberation by these veteran statesmen. Perhaps it is by their agency that the differences between Nubar Pasha and Mr. Clifford Lloyd have been composed. Both, at least, remain in office. But the important point is that the Egyptian Minister seems to be going over to the side of the reactionary Pashas, and that the Khedive sympathises with him. It is impossible to believe that the dual system of administration can long be upheld. While our Government hesitate to accept a policy which will throw Egypt and its heavy burdens upon their hands, the French papers denounce an English Protectorate, and the European Powers generally do not favour a modification of the Law of Liquidation, which would be adverse to Egyptian bondholders. How to find a way out of these perplexities no doubt absorbs the thoughts of our Premier and Foreign Minister, even more than the position of General Gordon. Suspicious reports from Cairo magnify the immediate peril of that gallant officer. Evidently his retreat northward is cut off, and unless the aspect of events greatly changes, British troops will have to be sent, towards the end of the summer, to rescue him and the garrison of Khartoum.

The arrest in London of the Fenian Fitzgerald, who was wanted in connection with the Tubbercurry murder conspiracy, speedily followed by the capture of Daley at Birkenhead and Egan at Birmingham—all three believed to be in league—bears testimony to the activity of our detectives, who appear to have been for some time on the track of these suspected persons. Upon the unconscious Daley was found the mechanism of five infernal machines and some bottles of liquid; and a rigid search has been made for dynamite on the premises occupied by Egan. As to the real significance of these arrests, we shall, no doubt, before long hear more, and we may, perhaps, learn in due time whether the Dynamiters have their headquarters in France or in America. But it is satisfactory to know that such murderous conspiracies have become more difficult of execution. Perhaps the vigilance of our police has prevented another diabolical explosion. Miscreants who are daily in fear of betrayal, and whose movements are followed throughout the United Kingdom, will find their plots too dangerous to themselves. Dynamiters have as much reason to fear informers as Invincibles, and neither can plot in secret for long without risk of being pounced upon.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

On Easter Tuesday was laid to rest, in Willesden churchyard, all that was mortal of Charles Reade, dramatist, novelist, and journalist. Beyond the mourners who were of his kith and kin, and a few actors and men of letters, personal or professional friends of the deceased, the gathering round the grave was not a large one. The day was rainy, the air raw; it is holiday-time; the spot chosen for the interment was rather a distant one; and very many authors and journalists who had been fellow-workers with Charles Reade, and had just written, it may be, most flattering obituary notices of him, were doubtless too busy to travel five miles and a half from Euston to see him buried. But there was a considerable crowd round the house at Shepherd's-bush whence the funeral procession started; and in the Uxbridge-road large numbers of the shops were partially closed.

For a long time—ten years at the very least—it will be difficult to determine the precise rank that Charles Reade will take among the great writers of the Victorian era. I say advisedly the great writers; for although, in obedience to a curious self-denying ordinance which he had framed, Charles Reade was accustomed to assert that he was wholly destitute of the imaginative faculty, there is no page of his writing which (to my mind) does not bear, very distinctly impressed indeed, the stamp of Genius. Novelists have their heyday of popularity; they make fortunes—sometimes—and pass away, and their novels are completely forgotten. Yet I can scarcely realise the idea of a time when English-speaking people will cease to read and to admire such fictions as "Christie Johnstone," as "The Cloister and the Hearth," as "Griffith Gaunt," and as "It is Never too Late to Mend." The prison scenes of that magnificent work are avowedly a *réchauffé* of a Bluebook—precisely as Molière's "Festin de Pierre" is a *réchauffé* of an Italian pantomime, and Goethe's "Faust" a *réchauffé* of an old monkish legend. But the genius of Charles Reade has made Hawes, the jail governor, and Mr. Eden, the chaplain, Tom Robinson and Josephs, Fry and the turnkeys, as distinctly original and dramatic characters as the Don Juan and Sganarelle of Poquelin, as the Faust and Mephistopheles, the Gretchen and the Valentine of the Magician of Weimar.

In speaking of Charles Reade as a man it may be said, for the fifty thousandth time, *Homo duplex*. There were two Charles Reades, differing very widely from each other. One was a very pugnacious and vituperative old gentleman, always shaking his fist in somebody's face, and not unfrequently hitting somebody over the head—on paper, of course. I did not trouble myself much with this Charles Reade. He never shook his fist in my face nor thwacked me on the scone. But the other Charles Reade I knew, and revered, and loved as a valiant, upright, and withal charitable and compassionate Christian man, inexhaustible in his pity for suffering, implacable only in his hatred of things that were shameful, and cruel, and mean. He was throughout his life a militant man; but his soldiering is over now. "Nicanor lies dead in his harness," and the hand so doughtily stretched forth against his foes will smite no more. His ashes rest in a peaceful tomb by the side of the Friend whom he loved so long and so deeply; and he leaves behind him a host of sorrowing friends who not only appreciated his genius but knew and revered his personal worth.

Ah! Imagination played me a sad trick last week with respect to the Government of London Bill. Vainly did I dream of an Alderman Labouchere, and an Alderman De Worms in the future. If the Ministerial measure passes—I have been offered heavy odds that it will not pass, but I never bet—there will be no more Aldermen in the metropolis, at all. Mr. W. J. Loftie, the historian of London, is, naturally, deeply distressed by the proposed abolition of a time-honoured office. "Why," he asks, very pertinently, in a letter to the *Times*, "is London alone of English cities to have no Aldermen? The office of Alderman is of considerable antiquity. The original Aldermen were the chief landowners of the city. Subsequently they were its chief merchants. It would be a good thing in many of the suburbs if the chief landowners and their agents could be forced to become public officials amenable to the central body; admitting for the moment that we want a central body." That's where it is, Mr. W. J. Loftie.

I read in one of the daily papers that, on Easter Tuesday, the Blue-Coat Boys went, according to ancient custom, to the Mansion House, and that 68½ boys received each a new shilling fresh from the Mint; while "thirteen monitors received one pound one shilling; seven deputy monitors, ten and sixpence, and forty-one Grecians, two-and-sixpence." It strikes me that this statement is "a little mixed"—that is to say, inaccurate. I had a dear brother once who was a deputy-Grecian at Christ's Hospital; and, if I remember aright, in his time, at least, it was the Grecians, and not the monitors, who were presented with a guinea at the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday. The monitors are inferior in rank both to the Grecians and the deputy-Grecians.

The Blue-Coat Boys, I further read, "were refreshed with a glass of sherry, or lemonade if they preferred it, and a bun." Do you remember Charles Mathews the younger's description, in a letter to his mother, of how he fared on the occasion when he and all the boys, not of the Blue-Coat School, but from Merchant Taylors', were invited by the Lord Mayor to breakfast at the Mansion House? I may have quoted Charles's account already, but it is good enough to bear repetition:—

We saw the state bed and all the state rooms in the Mansion House, and then we went to breakfast. There were (*sic*) very good things. I eat (*sic*) viz.:—a bit of fowl, a pear, an apple, half a jelly, a role (*sic*), five glasses of negus, half a tumbler of ale, and three cups of coffee, and a glass of water.

Ah! the good old times.

Assuredly is there nothing new under the sun. We are told by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that Dr. Reinach has dis-

covered that the surfaces of fifty-pfenning pieces (sixpences) which have been long in circulation, are the home and feeding ground of vegetable fungi, and of a minute kind of bacteria. This is said to be the case with the small coins of all nations, the thin incrustation of organic matter deposited upon their surface rendering them very suitable for this parasitical settlement. The discovery is, we are told, "a matter of no little importance from the hygienic point of view, as it has now been conclusively established that bacteria forms the chief agency in the propagation of epidemic disease." It is consolatory, however, to be informed that there is a remedy for this shocking state of things. "Where coins have been in circulation for a number of years, if they are washed in a boiling weak solution of caustic potash they will be cleansed from their organic incrustation, and so freed from the unwelcome guests which they harboured."

Very good. I now turn to Thornbury and Walford's "Old and New London" (Cassell); and (Vol. III., p. 203) in an article on the famous "Three-yards-of-song-for-a-penny" printing-press, established in Seven Dials in the year 1814 by Mr. James Catnach, I read:—

He (Catnach) received such large sums of money in coppers, that he used to take them to the Bank of England in a hackney coach; and when his neighbours in Seven Dials refused to take them for fear of catching a fever which is said to have spread through their contact with low cadgers and hawkers, he boiled them, *en masse*, with a decoction of potash and vinegar to make them bright, and his coppers recovered their popularity.

From the above it would appear that there were strong men before Agamemnon—and Dr. Reinach—and that Mr. James Catnach was one of them.

An American naval officer, lately returned from Paris, is eloquent on the subject of cooking French beans. He is in love with the French method of cooking *haricots verts sautés au beurre*; and his French landlady favoured him with a recipe for so preparing them:

Boil the beans, after cutting them lengthwise in half, in plain water until tender and then drain them in a colander, and put them in very cold water. Have a saucepan with a sufficient quantity of melted butter (at a high heat) ready; put the beans in this after draining again, and stir about until all the butter is taken up. Pepper and salt and some chopped parsley should be mixed with the butter.

Jules Gouffé adds a small spoonful of lemon-juice to his *haricots verts sautés au beurre*. "Life, I am sure," adds my gallant correspondent, "would be much more pleasant to many people in England if they were not constantly served with what Thackeray used to call 'Pommes-de-terre au naturel' and 'choufleur à l'eau.'"

At the same time it must be remembered that the very best French cooks mention (and mention with applause) a mode of treatment of green peas and French beans, which they call *à l'Anglaise*. Alexandre Dumas calls it *tout à fait à l'Anglaise*. The pulse are "plain boiled" in water; and it is only when they come to table that a bit of butter is added. Sir Henry Thompson in his "Food and Feeding" (which admirable little book, I am glad to see, is in its third edition) treats the question with his usual lucidity and fulness of information, pointing out that "garden peas, *petites pois*, when young, quickly grown, and fresh, have a delicious characteristic flavour of their own, are rather sweet and almost crisp when eaten; and maintain these attributes unimpaired if simply boiled in salt and water. Such should be eaten *à l'Anglaise*: the use of the term itself being a tacit admission on the part of the French chef that the simple cooking advocated here and practised in this country is often right. . . . The same process is equally applicable to French beans."

Yes, esteemed Sir Henry Thompson, the principle is admirable, although personally I prefer *haricots verts sautés au beurre*—when I know whence the butter comes and who cooks the beans. But the practice of cooking vegetables in water is in this country, as a rule, abominable.

In the matter of Private Tommy Atkins. I have received a batch of letters on this subject. One obliging correspondent forwards me a specimen page of a private soldier's pocket ledger, in which "Thomas Atkins, No. 1746," is duly credited with the amount of pay to which he is entitled; while he is debited with such items as "Washing, 10d.; seven days' cells at 6d.; boots mended, 3 pence; and hair-cutting, 1d." I am sorry to say that it is not a statement of account very encouraging to young soldiers; for Private Atkins begins the month with a balance of one shilling and eightpence against him, and ends it still "to the bad" to the extent of one shilling and eightpence three farthings. But if a man will treat himself to such luxuries as three-and-sixpence worth of "cells" in the course of four weeks, what can he expect? When the account is balanced it is signed both by Private Atkins and by his captain, whose mythical name is "A. Lawrence." Would not "H. Walker" have been more appropriate? The specimen page before me should be an old one, for provision is made for the illiterate soldier by the printed form:—

| | |
|-------------|------------------|
| John Jones, | His |
| Private. | Thomas X Atkins. |
| (Witness). | Mark. |

"Tommy Atkins" obviously represents in military book-keeping the convenient dummy of which, in old legal parlance, John Doe and Richard Roe were types. There was a third spirit also occasionally summoned from the vasty deep of litigation; but I forget his name. As for Private Thomas Atkins, his designation would appear to have been due to the arbitrary selection of some War-Office clerk; but not one of my correspondents can tell me the precise period at which Tommy first made his appearance in military technology. Touching the origin of "Dumanet" as the generic name for a French private soldier, I am much indebted to "O. E. B." (Dudley), who tells me that, on reference to the "Dictionnaire d'Argot," by L. Larchey (Ed. 1880, Supplément), he finds the name of Dumanet explained as that of a credulous soldier, typically caricatured, and dating from the capture of Algiers in 1830.

Mem.: "H. I." (Horseforth, Leeds) indulges in the

pleasant conjecture that "Thomas Atkins" may have some connection with "Thomas Atkinson, the perfect private soldier portrayed by Fielding in his wonderful novel, 'Amelia.'" This as a derivation is not quite so farfetched as that of Chaucer's "Jack of Dover" from "Chef d'œuvre." This adventurous guess has been made by "E.D." Well, the French long ago corrupted "our riding coat" into "redingote" and our "bowling-green" into "bouligrin." It is possible, though not very probable, that we have corrupted "chef d'œuvre" into Jack of Dover.

I read with a chastened grief in the *St. James's Gazette* that Mr. Yeames, R.A., "is one of the few English painters who grapple successfully with heroic canvases and historical subjects"; but that "he is content this year with sending to the Academy a moderate-sized canvas, on which he has painted a scene from the life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." Yes; the number of English painters who can successfully grapple with historical subjects is painfully limited. The expression "heroic canvases," puzzled me a little at first; but I remembered that a canvas, before the artist begins to paint upon it, is usually "primed." Priming would seem to be the first step in the manufacture of heroics. I should like to see a bas-relief representing Mr. Yeames grappling with a heroic canvas.

Elderly people subject to bronchitis and asthma have, ordinarily, not much breath to spare; but what little I have left has been (figuratively) taken away by the startling intelligence that a new school for the instruction of young girls in useful arts and trades will shortly be started at Stamboul, and placed under the immediate patronage of his Imperial Highness the Sultan. Had I been told that such a school was to be established at Pera or at Galata, the announcement would have been slightly less amazing. Technical education for Turkish girls at Stamboul, in a school of three hundred pupils! Two hundred of these abnormal schoolgirls will pay half a Turkish pound per month for instruction; while the remaining one hundred will be admitted gratuitously. There will be periodical examinations and distributions of prizes. Mashallah!

What arts and trades will they be taught, these little Moslem maidens? Scientific dress-cutting; the embroidering of papouches, the damascening of yataghans; the felting of fezzes; the carving of amber mouth-pieces for narghiles and chibouks; the gilding of attar-of-rose phials; the illumination of copies of the Koran; the weaving of prayer-carpet; or the making of green turbans for Descendants of the Prophet? Will there be a National Training School for Turkish Cookery at Seraglio Point, with a pupil of Mrs. Charles Clarke (in a yashmak) to instruct the budding "Khanums" in the art of making pilaf, kibabs, and Lumps of Delight; and will bad marks be the portion of the inattentive culinary scholar who makes cream tarts without pepper? In any case, the Schoolmistress Abroad in Stamboul will be something more than a phenomenon. It will be a Portent.

A statue of Léon Gambetta has been set up in the Place Fénélon in his native town, Cahors, where his worthy father was, during so many years, a dealer in *denrées coloniales*, otherwise a grocer. Felix Whitehurst, in the palmy days of the Second Empire, when young Léon Gambetta first made his appearance at the Paris Bar, used to speak of him as "the Macaroni Man from Genoa." I do not say that a statue is not due to Gambetta's memory. There was, unhappily, no time during his life for the question to be settled whether he was or was not a great man. He was unquestionably a very able one; and did his best to serve his country in very troublous times. But surely an effigy of Gambetta might have been erected at Cahors without displacing the statues of brave old Marshal Bessières, one of the ablest and most upright of the lieutenants of the First Napoleon, and of Joachim Murat. The first died (on the field of battle) Duke of Istria. The second was successively Grand Duke of Berg and King of Naples. They were certainly not aristocrats by birth. Bessières was of the humblest origin, and entered the army as a common soldier. Murat was the son of an innkeeper, and before he turned trooper was a postilion. The crime—the unpardonable crime—of these heroic men in the eyes of the Gavroches, who are now paramount in France, is that they were the Captains of Napoleon the Great, who, during the fourteen years of the Consulate and the Empire, kept Gavrochism in such excellent order.

In the report of the charities and parochial institutions of St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Holborn, for the year 1883, I read that the children of the Ormond-yard School have for the last eighteen years enjoyed every Wednesday a roast leg of mutton dinner at the school, and at the cost and charges of Mrs. Maxwell, known to the novel-reading million as Miss Braddon. This quiet and unostentatious gift has been a real boon to the poor school-children, who are often very scantily fed; and the Rector of St. George the Martyr, the Rev. Dacre Craven, expresses in the report his regret that Mrs. Maxwell has resolved to throw her roast leg of mutton endowment into the larger fund for providing dinners for School Board children. I hope that Mrs. Maxwell will do nothing whatever of the kind. She once lived in the square which I inhabit; she is respectfully remembered in the neighbourhood; and her maintenance of the weekly leg of mutton dinner to the children of Ormond-yard school is purely so much quiet, tender, thoughtful, local charity. The real meaning of the saying that Charity begins at home is that you should do your best first to succour your immediate neighbours—the poor people about your own home. You know what they want, and that they are not humbugging you. As to any broadly comprehensive scheme of feeding Board children, I utterly disapprove of it as being directly provocative of pauperism, and of tempting unscrupulous parents to neglect their responsibilities towards their offspring. We are shamefully overtaxed to keep up these big schools; and I do not see that we should be called upon to pay for feeding the Board School children, as well as for teaching—or overteaching them.

"G. R. P." (Exeter) is exercised concerning the derivation of the colloquialism "Left in the lurch." The latest dictionaries state that "lurch" is a term at cribbage denoting the position of a player who has not made his thirty-first hole when his opponent has pegged his sixty-first. The loser in such a case is said to be "left in the lurch," expressed in French (Cotgrave) by "il demeure louché." Hence to leave in the lurch is to leave in a difficult situation or embarrassment, in a forlorn state, or without help.

G. A. S.

THE WAR IN THE SUDAN.



ADVANCE OF BRITISH TROOPS TO TAMANIEB, MARCH 12.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TAMASI: ON THE WATCH.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

Throwing himself upon his knees beside her, he kissed Berna's gloved hand over and over again. "My cruel love!" he cried—"My cruel, cruel love! How can you be so cold to a man whose heart beats only for you?"

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.



BORTH as was the space which intervened between the gate of the graveyard and the church porch, Mrs. Boyle, while traversing it, contrived to smooth those feathers her "head-strong girl" had ruffled.

With mincing steps she pursued the path leading westward, preening herself like some conceited pigeon as she went, and adding such small touches to bows, net-crape, and cuffs as experience had

taught her might advantageously be bestowed after a hurried walk and unavailing remonstrances with a young person "little better nor a natural."

"All abloom," the widow crossed the vestibule and sidled up the aisle, a complete contrast to Berna, who,

so the few who were there to see afterward averred, followed her mother "pale as death." Even the lily tints had faded out of her cheeks, leaving a deathlier white still.

One swift glance told Mrs. Boyle there was no man in church worth setting her cap at; Mr. Gorman was absent, Mr. Gorman Muir not present. The only churchwarden on view was married, while Mr. Crommles was a widower of such long standing that most women, young and old, tender blossoms and ancients of days, considered it a mere waste of time to encompass that clerical citadel.

"For all there's to see," considered the widow, "we might as well have stayed at home;" but before she had settled herself two strangers, lady and gentleman, were ushered into the Rector's pew.

The lady wore the neatest bonnet, the widow thought, she ever beheld; while her mantle had a "French cut about it" that struck Mrs. Boyle as peculiarly fascinating, and induced the reflection that if "Berna owned a bit of an eye for such things, she might have taken the pattern off in her head."

It was a lovely day. Through the open windows pleasant airs laden with sweet scents wandered into the church. Outside, the birds were singing and leaves dancing in the sunshine; a gentle wind stirred the grass growing above the quiet dead. There was a great silence, broken only by the voice of Mr. Crommles and the murmured responses of the congregation; even the clerk's sonorous "Amen" were more subdued than usual. Every now and then the whole scene seemed to fade away from Berna's sight, while the words of the Rector sounded further and further away; portions of the service eluded her ear altogether; the singing sounded like a confused noise, heard as if coming from some remote distance. Over and over she tried to rouse herself—to shake herself into attention, but in a few minutes afterwards she found her mind again slipping away, utterly eluding her will. As in a dream, she listened to the Lessons; mechanically she stood, and knelt, and sat, till at last, just as Mr. Crommles was approaching the end of his sermon, every object seemed to reel round,

and she had to clutch the front of the pew to save herself from falling.

"I shall faint if I do not go out," thought the girl, and rising, somehow she groped her way into the aisle, and blindly, but with the instinct of self-preservation strong upon her, managed to get into the open air, and reach a square tomb, on which she sank, utterly exhausted.

"Good heavens! what is the matter, Miss Boyle," exclaimed Gorman Muir. Having come into church late, he had modestly taken a seat close by the door, and he was at Berna's side sooner than the sexton, who answered, "She's not fit to tell you. Keep up her head while I go for a drop of water. Don't be scared—it's only sort of a swoon. There, didn't I tell you?" he added, running back from the vestry, "you're better now, Miss, dear, aren't you? Take a sup of this. Don't try to hold the glass; I'll keep a grip of it. You're trembling like a leaf. When she's fit to move, you'd best help her round to my house. She can sit there a while, and I'll tell the mother not to be fretting herself. You're getting on bravely now, aren't you? Don't stir yet till you feel steady on your feet. That's right, Mr. Muir; she'll be best wanting her bonnet. Now I must go; Mr. Crommles will be near done by this time. See, I'll just leave the tumbler beside you, case its wanted again; and, mind, you take her round to the house; the people'll soon be passing here. Don't refuse his arm, Miss; you'll never be able to walk your lone. That's better. You're mighty tottery still. See the pride of her!" thought the sexton to himself, as he hurried back into the church; "she can't thole touching the man's coat-sleeve. Faith, and I don't blame her; though, if it comes to that, her own mother's no great things."

As for Gorman, he paced by Berna's side in a very agony. What if his father's prophecy were true—what if the girl should die!

Around lay those who had faded out of existence as young as she. Death did not spare, love could not save, them; why should death spare her? Why should his own love avail, when the tears of parents, the prayers of husbands, had in other cases failed to avert the doom. He pressed his right arm to his breast—he clenched his left hand in impotent despair; he lifted his eyes to the clear blue sky, and silently murmured a petition that she might live;—he could not speak a word to her—his very heart seemed to stand still with dread. Thus among the graves and through the little rustic gate they moved in utter silence.

Not a human being was about; two large white goats—grazing on the little patch of common land in front of the few cottages, in one of which the sexton lived—turned and stared at them. Without ceremony, Gorman lifted the latch and opened the door.

The kitchen was empty. Beside a smouldering turf fire stood an old-fashioned easy-chair. Gorman placed Berna in it, and then, leaning against the mantel-shelf, remained looking at the girl, who had sank back in the seat and closed her eyes. After a minute she roused herself again. "Don't let me keep you here," she said.

"Why are you so cruel to me?" he asked, with the quick revulsion of feeling common to untrained and passionate natures. "You would speak more kindly to a dog than you do to me, and yet what in the wide world is there I would not do for you? Why will you go on this way, breaking my heart? Why don't you give me a chance of winning your love? If I were the very worst and lowest of God's creatures you could not treat me more scornfully. Only tell me how I can please you—only set me some task, I do not care how hard—only treat me even as a brother—a friend—and"—

"I wish you would go," she murmured.

With an angry gesture he flung out of the cabin, and stood with his outward gaze wandering over the quiet landscape, though he really saw nothing but Berna. While they were crossing the graveyard he would have died for her. Now, in his fury, he felt as though he could have killed her. For the time being he was desperate. An ungovernable rage took possession of him, and a noise as of many waters was surging in his ears. He could not see sky or earth for a mist of tears. Many demons rent him so sore he could have cried aloud with pain; but at last they departed from out his soul, and he turned and re-entered the house.

"Shall I fetch your mother?" he asked; and his voice was hoarse by reason of the struggle in which he had been engaged.

"No, thank you," she answered, wearily. "But if you would only go."

"Don't be afraid; I'm going," he retorted, with difficulty restraining another paroxysm of rage. "I curse myself for having given you the chance of bidding me leave you twice. No woman ever before said to me—Go!—perhaps that is the reason I never cared to stop with any woman, till I saw you! Oh! my God," he added, vehemently, "what I would not give to know how to melt the ice of your heart. It does not matter to you, I suppose, that you are destroying everything that is good in me. I hate my life; I hate myself; I hate the very sunshine! But there, what is the use of talking? What I have to bear, I must bear. It was a bad night's work for me when I came upon you like a spectre in the shadows of that summer night. I would have been away from here, long enough ago, if it had not been for you. No; don't tell me to leave, you again; I am going. Upon my soul, I am," and then, throwing himself upon his knees beside her, he kissed Berna's gloved hand over and over again. "My cruel love!" he cried. "My cruel, cruel love! How can you be so cold to a man whose heart beats only for you? No;—stay where you are," he added as the girl attempted to rise. "What a wretch I am, and you ill. Forgive me!" and he left the cottage as Mrs. Boyle, all flutter and excitement, advanced towards it.

"Why, Mr. Gorman, who'd have dreamt of seeing you here," she exclaimed. "I thought you were in Donaghadee, no less. What's wrong with Berna?"

"I do not know, Mrs. Boyle, answered the young man; 'she seems very ill.'"

"There's no end to my troubles," exclaimed the widow; "first one thing and then another. Oh! it's here you are, is it," she added, passing into the cabin, followed by Gorman. "A fine fright I've had over you. I'm sure, when I turned my head, wondering what the clerk and Mr. Crommies were staring at our pew for, and saw you were gone, a child might have knocked me down. I never was one to make a fuss or a disturbance, so I sat on till I could contain myself no longer, and then, after I'd been hunting all over the neighbourhood for you, the old man came out and told me you were resting yourself. Pity you hadn't stopped at home if you didn't feel well. How I'm to get you back there, goodness only knows."

"Mrs. Miller has a car. She will lend it to me, I know," whispered Gorman, eagerly.

"You're too kind altogether," said Mrs. Boyle. "I can never thank you enough for your goodness. What's that you're saying, Berna?—you'll walk! Indeed, and you'll do no such thing—at least, I know I'm not going walk with you. I thought," turning with an engaging simper to Gorman, "we'd never get to church at all. She dragged along just like some rheumatic old woman. I'm sure I hope if ever I live long enough to get into years I'll be different from her. She hasn't a bit of life or activity. As Miss Shiels was saying only the last time I saw her, anybody might think I was the girl in my first teens, and Berna some staid grandmother."

"Miss Shiels was correct so far as you are concerned," remarked Gorman, anxious even at the expense of truth to make matters a little pleasanter. "Perhaps I had better be seeing about that car."

He did not remain away long. At the foot of the hill he met a lad, who gladly undertook to carry his message; while he, nothing loth, retraced the way he had so lately come.

Short as was the time, he saw Berna had been crying. "And she won't take me, who would never speak an unkind word to her," he thought, bitterly.

"Had you not better come out into the air, Mrs. Boyle?" he asked; "you seem to find it warm here," and his glance sought Berna's face, in hopes that she might thank him with her eyes. But the girl would not look at him. He was resolute, however, to keep Mrs. Boyle away from her daughter. He showed her the goats, he walked with that lady up and down over the grass, he spoke of the prospect, he flattered and humoured her, and "kept the fun going," till at last his messenger returned to state—

"Mrs. Miller said he might have the car and welcome; and her son was yoking the horse."

CHAPTER XXX.

It was one evening towards the end of the same week—Berna lay on a sofa in her own little room, a plaid shawl thrown over her feet, one thin white hand contrasting with the blackness of her morning dress, her eyes closed, her mouth a little compressed, her forehead drawn into a pucker. Through the open window roses thrust in their heads, filling the room with perfume; dimly curtains stirred gently as the light breeze swept

past them; swallows were darting hither and thither; on a stool placed near the sofa Ruth sat darning stockings. Not a sound disturbed the stillness; even the music of the little stream was hushed—the water was so low it scarcely murmured as it trickled slowly over the pebbles and wound a languid course to the sea.

"Are you in any pain, my poor lamb?" asked Ruth at length, laying down her work and looking wistfully at the girl she loved so truly.

Berna opened her eyes and, sighing heavily, answered, "No, Nurse; only tired."

"Do you not think you feel any better?"

"I am not ill; only tired."

"Do you know what the doctor asked your mother when he was here to-day?"

"No. What was it?"

"Whether you had anything on your mind."

"Oh!"

"And she asked, what would a girl of your age have on her mind?"

"Yes, and he"—

"Said that was nonsense; that you were eighteen years of age, that he could find no sign of disease about you, and that he felt morally certain you were fretting or in trouble of some sort."

"What did mamma say?"

"The outcome of it all was she couldn't think of a mortal thing that ailed you without it was having lost your father; and the doctor he asked how long he had been dead, and then he shook his head—and put it plain—were you in love?"

The brilliant colour of old dyed Berna's cheeks crimson for a moment, but the next faded away, leaving her pale as death. "Go on, Nurse," she entreated.

"Love, indeed!" says the mistress; "time enough for all that this many's the day. No; it's just her oddity and contrariness—love! my word, that is a fine notion. We'll have the babies in arms thinking about love next. You're wrong this time, Doctor; while you were about it I wonder you didn't make some likelier guess than that."

"Maybe I'm wrong," he said, "but I don't think I am."

"That's the very thing you are, though," she made answer.

"Well, well," returns the old man, "well, well, well!"—

"And that was all, Nurse?"

"All, except that you are to have the best of good living and change of some sort as soon as you get up your strength a bit; and oh! my dear, dear child, won't you speak to your poor old nurse and tell her something of what's in your mind. Sure it's better to be living than dead, to be happy than proud. If you're fond of him—and I know you are—why won't you make some sign? Anyone with a grain of sense could see he fairly worships the ground you walk on. It's not the match I wanted for you. It's a great come down, I know. Still, he has good people belonging to him on his mother's side, and his uncle gave him the best of education, and he has gentleman's ways with him, and there's many a thing against you marrying as you ought. Great ladies before now—ay, even grander ladies than Sir Herbert Boyle's wife, and, as you know, she's an Earl's daughter—have chosen husbands scarce their equals by a long way, and lived content with them all their lives, more content than if they'd been in kings' palaces. It's not exactly a man or a woman's relations, Miss Berna, but the man or the woman's self; and so if you have a fancy for Mr. Gorman Muir, and I know you had from the first, what would hinder you saying a pleasant word to him now and again? You needn't say much. Starving folk are thankful for crumbs, and if ever there was anybody starving for a kind look, it's young Mr. Muir."

"He is not likely to get kind looks or pleasant words from me," answered Berna, throwing up her right arm and resting her head upon it. "You are wrong, Nurse. All I want is to be left in peace—to live my own life and face my own fate as I must face it. I need rest, and I can't get it while strangers are coming to the house. I want fresh air, and there is no place round all this neighbourhood I can be sure of not meeting him. It is that which has laid me up," went on the girl, raising herself on her elbow, and looking with longing eyes beyond the roses and the shrubs to the calm evening glory which flooded the sky. "Oh! if you knew the quiet hand those long, lonely walks used to seem to lay on my unquiet heart, you would understand. I am ill now just as a prisoner might be ill who even in his cell scarcely ever was so blessed as to be quite alone."

Ruth rose. She smoothed the pillows; she passed a gentle though hard hand across the broad white forehead. "Lie down, dear, lie down," she said; "I am only a poor, ignorant woman; I never had much learning. I am not able to speak to you as I'd wish to speak, but I think I understand. Still, Miss Berna, maybe it might be well for you to consider. You can't go on as you are doing for ever. You've no chance of visiting and seeing the world like other young ladies. You've shut the door between yourself and the master's grandmother. Who have you got to look to if you don't look after yourself? And here's a lover only waiting the smallest sign from you to give you a house of your own and a husband who would just dote upon you."

Berna laughed a little bitterly. "Was not there some one?" she asked, "that said, 'Not a Boyle belonging to me but would turn in their graves,' if I took up with Gorman Muir. 'That he was not a gentleman, that he was a worse man than his father,' and a great many more things of the same sort? If you have changed your ideas I have not, Ruth."

"But I didn't know anything about him then, Miss. It was nothing but the common talk I repeated, and I don't suppose anybody was much better acquainted with him than myself. I have never met any young man civiler spoken or better behaved; and I hear he's making a lot of money, and is free with it as free can be. And he's kind, I'm sure. He was riding along the road the other day in front of me, and there was a poor old grandmother carrying a child and a heavy basket. The creature looked fit to drop. Mr. Gorman pulls up. 'Which shall I take,' he says, as pleasant as you please. 'I can't manage both basket and child, but hand me up which you like.' Your own father, dear, couldn't have spoke kinder, or put his arm more natural-like round the boy."

"I never said he was not kind, Ruth; he may be, for all I know, though he is Mr. Muir's son."

"Well, Miss, a child mostly can't choose its parents."

"That is very true; but, at least, I can choose not to have Mr. Muir for a father-in-law. I would not marry into that family—no, not if the son had fifty thousand a year."

"If that's so," said Ruth, smoothing a stocking on her lap, "it's a pity he does not speak, and be done with it."

"Do you suppose he has not spoken, then?" said the girl, again raising herself.

"I didn't know. Has he ever?"—

"Over and over again, Ruth. And I am so tired of it all—of saying, 'No—no—no—no.' He won't take 'No.' I can't go across the threshold without meeting him. I should be well enough if he would only let me alone—if he would believe what I tell him. I must do something, Nurse; but I do not

know how to do it. If I could get away—some place ever so far away, where I should never see or hear of him again, you cannot imagine what a comfort it would be."

"And your eyes are full of tears as you say that. Oh! child, dear, consider whether you are not making a mistake. There's Miss Garnsey, now, would marry him to-morrow; and they do say Mr. Garnsey's on for the match himself; and why couldn't you give him a chance to see if it was just impossible you might change your notion. Pride's very well, but it is cold comfort for an aching heart. In my poor way, I was proud once myself; and I know I have lain from night to morning crying for the smile I'd once turned away from. I never told you, Miss Berna, about Pat Harrigan. If we're very fond of anybody, it comes hard to talk about them; but I feel, this evening, as if I wouldn't mind so much telling you why I never married—never cared to look at any man, except the one"—

"Tell me, Nurse," said Berna, softly.

Ruth paused for a moment before she began, and there came across her furrowed face and her homely features a light, as if from some far distance the sunshine of youth was shining full upon one no longer young or comely. "It was Carrick May fair I first saw him. My father was set against my going; but he gave way at last, and me and my cousin Rose started together. He came up to us when we were buying gingerbread-nuts at one of the stalls. I can see him now. He was straight as a dart, and his face was brown with being out in the weather, and he had soft, kind eyes; and he singled us girls out. He followed us wherever we went; and when we started to walk home again, nothing would serve him but that he must put us a piece of the road. He walked on and on, till at last I made him turn, saying my father would be angry; and then Rose and I made haste home, laughing and talking as we went, she saying the young man was after me, and I saying it was her he was after—but I knew better all the time. All that summer he was, on and off, over at Ballynure, where we had a bit of a farm. We were comfortably off; my father worked as a day labourer, and my mother and the rest of us wrought about the land; and we held our heads a trifle high because we owed nobody anything and had a few pounds in an old worsted stocking hidden away under the thatch."

"Maybe that was the reason I wouldn't have anything to say to him, though I knew I liked him well. He couldn't get a kind look from me, and I used to say hard things till my father got cross, and my mother said, 'I don't know what you want, girl. There's only one thing against him—and that's his religion.'"

"And that he has the old woman to keep, and little to keep her with," I'd make answer; and then my mother would get more vexed still, because she didn't like me to seem to be grudging the poor widow her bite and sup—and Pat was the last of six she had brought up respected and respectable. He was only a fisherman, Pat; and he couldn't earn much—what with the nets getting torn, and there being so many to share what profits were made. Sometimes when we met I'd scarce speak to him; when he was away I thought I'd give the world to have him near; when he was at hand I tormented him; and yet, Miss Berna, all the time I knew well I cared for nobody else—that I liked his little finger better than any other man's whole body. We had a quarrel once, and my heart felt breaking. He kept away for a month, and then it all began over again. I said he'd best stop away—that I didn't want him—that I'd never marry a Catholic or live with any man's mother. I was a hard wretch. I think I see the strained, sorrowful face with which he turned away without a word. He had not got many perches from the door before he came back—"I can't desert my mother for you, Ruth; and I won't give up my religion; but there's nothing a man may do for a woman I wouldn't try to do for you, my foolish young love."

"Ah! my poor Ruth," murmured Berna; and there was a moment's silence in the room.

"We had just got in our harvest, when one day a cart stopped at the end of the loanin', and a woman came up to the house. It was his mother. I had never seen her before. She was worn and wasted and had seen a lot of trouble, and the gentle face of her, and something like tears in her voice cut me to the heart. She said she wanted so bad to see me, she had got a friend to give her a sail over in his cart—that is the way they talk there, with always living beside the sea. She couldn't bear to see her son fretting as he was, and she talked to me and my mother, and my father, and she kissed me when she went away, and hoped I'd make Pat a good wife some day. 'For he's better than rich, he's dutiful and brave, and he loves you as men don't often love,' and so I sent him a crumb of comfort, but I wouldn't say much, and I used to go down sometimes to see her, when I knew he was away; I don't know what made me like that, for I wasn't stiff or nasty to anybody but the man who was beyond all men to me."

"Nurse, it hurts you to talk, don't tell me any more."

"There's not much more to tell, dear; but it is enough. It was a rough winter. It was a very bad winter for the poor fishermen, and many a time when the wind has been shrieking and whirling round the house, I have lain and shivered, wondering if Pat was down about the Gobbins, and thinking about the three hundred fathoms of wild dark water rushing against the rocks that rise so sheer down there."

"There came one very bad night, the storm seemed to take our house in its hand, intending to dash it to pieces—a perfect tempest roared across the lonely open country lying up on the top of the hills. For hours I could get no sleep; I trembled till the bed shook under me, and I vowed I'd never speak unkind to Pat again. At last I dropped off, and then I awoke sudden with the sound of some one speaking in my ear. I saw Pat, Miss, I saw him plain. All the room was pitch dark, save one corner that had a strange sort of light, such as I never saw on earth. It was not of the sun or the moon or the stars, and from out of that Pat was looking at me mournfully. 'Good-by, Ruth; good-by,' he said, and the voice grew fainter and fainter, and he faded and faded away, and there was darkness all around me, and I lay shaking with fright."

"The next morning, at the first streak of day, I started, without my breakfast, and walked on till I got to Carrick. I spoke to nobody as I went through the town, and nobody spoke to me: at last I got to the house where his mother lived. The door was shut, but I pulled the string and opened the latch and went in. She was sitting with some of the neighbours round her, and most of them were crying. Then I knew. I couldn't ask a question, but after a while I heard that some vessel was in distress, but not a man would go to her. They thought it was certain death, and they had their wives and their families. Then an old gentleman, whose son was on board, came among them, and, with his white hair streaming and the tears running down his face, offered them money if they would at least try to launch a boat. My Pat was there. He was standing on the White Quay, with the waves sweeping over it. 'I'll not sell my life,' he said, 'but I'll give it,' and he jumped into the boat, and some others followed him, and they did save the crew. But when the boat came back it was without Pat. All was over, the world had ended for me! His mother and me were sitting together, talking low, when some one opened the door softly, and, looking at us, lifted

his hand, and said 'Hush!' Then we knew they had got him, got all that would ever come home again of my handsome, tender lover. They laid him on the bed, there was a sort of wistful smile on his lips, and through the half-closed lids I could see the colour of the eyes that might never again look at me. I think that's all, Miss Berna."

The girl's thin hand sought that of the woman, there was not a word more spoken, but they stayed there utterly still, while the evening glory departed, and the mystical twilight crept on.

(To be continued.)

THE DYNAMITE PLOTS.

The police authorities, acting simultaneously at Birmingham, Liverpool, and in London, under the direction of the Home Office, last week effected the arrest of several persons who are suspected of being concerned in the atrocious plots to destroy public buildings and to excite alarm, for the purposes of the Irish-American Fenian conspiracy. It seems that Government has had its eye upon these men during several months past. One is Patrick Fitzgerald, of Tobercurry, Sligo, who was in the "Supreme Council of the Fenian Brotherhood," and associated for some time with the Dublin "Invincibles," but is said to have refused to join in acts of assassination. He was ostensibly employed as commercial traveller for a Cork firm of leather merchants, and came to England three weeks ago. The London detective police arrested this man as he was walking about the streets on Thursday week; and he has been sent to Ireland for examination upon a charge of conspiracy to murder which is pending at Sligo, and in which fourteen other men are charged with him. It is believed that he was formerly an agent of P. J. Sheridan, the Land League organiser for Mr. Parnell. Orders were at the same time given for the apprehension of two men at Birmingham, John Daley, alias Denman, and James Francis Egan; the latter was a clerk in the service of a mercantile firm, and lived in the suburb of Sparkbrook, occupying an old-fashioned dwelling called Kyett's Lake House, Grafton-road. Daley has often been staying there with Egan, but going to and fro between Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Liverpool; he was arrested by Chief-Constable Humphries and the Irish detectives at the Birkenhead railway-station, on Friday morning, when he was searched, and five small machines, with clockwork and apparatus for ignition and explosion, were found in his pockets. Two were in the pockets of his overcoat, two in the inside tail pockets of his ordinary coat, and one in the breast pocket. They are believed to be similar to those which were attached to the charges of dynamite in the travelling-bags or portmanteaux at the Victoria Railway Station and other places. A telegram was at once forwarded to the chief of the Birmingham police, who, acting under the provisions of the Explosives Act, promptly took possession of Egan's house. Immediately afterwards seven detectives, under the personal supervision of Mr. Farndale, the Chief Constable, commenced a thorough search of the premises, one detective being told off to guard Egan. After examining the interior as well as the roof of the premises, and underneath the floors, the detectives began to dig in the garden, upturning flower and vegetable beds and walks, in the expectation of discovering dynamite or infernal machines. Up to Wednesday, however, nothing of a mischievous character had been found. Egan was brought before the magistrates on Saturday, and was remanded for further inquiries. Daley, who is a native of Limerick, was concerned in the Fenian movements of 1867, but Egan denies all knowledge of Daley's proceedings. Our illustration, giving a view of the house at Sparkbrook, where Daley lodged or stayed as a visitor with Egan, is from a photograph taken by Mr. T. Lewis, of Stratford-road, Birmingham.

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY TRICENTENARY.

The University of Edinburgh celebrates this week the three-hundredth anniversary of its foundation by an academic assembly, to which the chief institutions of learning throughout the world had been invited. Several American colleges are represented. On Tuesday the degrees were conferred upon the graduates. In the evening the Lord Provost, magistrates, and Town Council gave an official reception to the visitors, and subsequently the students had a torchlight procession. On Wednesday morning the celebration began in earnest. The day's programme was one of portentous length, beginning with a religious service in St. Giles's Cathedral, and ending with a students' ball. Thursday was the great day of the week. It opened with the Tricentenary Ceremonial, held in the large hall of the United Presbyterian College. The first part of the proceedings was the reception of the delegates from Universities and other learned bodies. Then the distinguished men upon whom the University resolved to confer degrees were called to the front, and received their marks of distinction at the hands of the Chancellor of the University, Lord Inglis, the President of the Court of Session. The afternoon was occupied with luncheons and receptions, and in the evening the Tricentenary banquet was held, in the capacious Volunteer Drill-Hall.

The Duke of Cambridge has consented to open the International Health Exhibition, on behalf of the President, the Prince of Wales, on Thursday, May 8, at noon.

There was successfully launched, yesterday week, from the yard of Messrs. Napier, Govan, the screw-steamer Australasian, 3700 tons. The vessel will go to Australia as a quick mail-steamer. Mrs. Henderson named her.

The fifteenth annual conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, at Leicester, during the Easter week, has been one of the most important ever held. There were over 500 delegates from all parts of the kingdom. The presidential address was delivered by Mr. R. Greenwood, of London. The subjects for discussion include the merit grant and its incentive to over-pressure, and the substitution of technical work for some of the present requirements in the upper standards, so as to enable this country to compete with foreign nations in the matter of technical education. A public breakfast to the delegates by the National Temperance League, a ball, a public dinner, and excursions were included in the programme. On Tuesday a special report of the executive on the scheme for establishing a fund for legal assistance, and for supporting members suffering through any action taken in defence of professional rights, was presented, recommending the establishment of such fund by an increase in the subscription to the Union. The report was adopted. The subject of discussion on Wednesday was over-pressure in schools. Mr. Rabagliati, surgeon to the Bradford Infirmary, read a paper in which he stated that, although the Education Act was necessary and beneficent legislation, there were defects in the system which might be amended. Children had been over-driven. Mr. G. Collins, of Redhill, Surrey, read a paper condemning the present system of payment by results. A discussion followed, in which the present system was said to paralyse and torture the brains of children, and was strongly condemned. A resolution to that effect was passed.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Several remaining Sketches by our Special Artist lately with the army of General Sir Gerald Graham on the Soudan coast of the Red Sea are presented in this Number of our Journal. They represent the advance of the infantry, on the 12th ult., from the first "zereeba," or inclosed camping-ground, originally formed by Baker Pasha, eight miles from Souakim, on the road to Tamaniab, Osman Digna's principal encampment; and the night watch at the second resting-place, within two miles of the enemy's position, on the eve of the battle of Tamasi. The third Sketch is that of the cavalry burning Osman Digna's camp and village after the battle.

With regard to the situation of the army on the night of the 12th, we have to imagine the troops formed into a single large square, the intervals being closed up, with their guns ready for action, and with the two hospital waggons and the baggage and camels in the centre, lying on a bare plain, within a very short distance of the enemy. In that exposed spot, without artificial defences of any kind, except for the ammunition, transport animals, and water, our soldiers had to pass the night. They slept, of course, under arms, each man lying down with his Martini-Henry rifle in his hand; and they were placed in the best available formation; but the situation was trying; and, as one of the Special Correspondents says, "the bivouac was not altogether a pleasant one." At sunset, on the first settling down in camp, the men lighted fires and made coffee, but all lights were ordered out at nine; and those who were without blankets suffered from cold before the morning. About eleven o'clock Commander Rolfe, of the Naval Brigade, having got permission, stole out of the camp alone to observe the enemy. He returned at midnight, and reported having seen Arab pickets a mile and a half in front. He passed two of their dead killed by our shells, and saw six men asleep. Creeping among the bushes to the top of the ridge, he was able to see the enemy's numerous camp fires in the hollow close beside the Wells of Tamasi. At a quarter to one in the morning, several parties of Arabs, who had approached within a thousand yards of the camp on the south side, opened a sharp rifle fire upon the square. Their shots mostly were too high, but one or two animals were hit, and an Egyptian driver received a slight wound. Another camel-driver jumped over the prickly mimosa bushes, which had been cut and piled two to three feet high, just outside the square. As he bolted past the lines, some of our men, thinking he was one of the enemy, shot at him, and he fell dead, pierced with half a dozen bullets. Three of our own soldiers received accidental bayonet wounds from their comrades while rushing to the front; but within the square there was no commotion, even the Egyptian drivers and carriers recognising that a thousand British bayonets were interposed on each side between them and the enemy. The bright moonlight was favourable to our soldiers, as those on watch could see objects at a considerable distance. A Gardner gun was placed in position on the left front, for use if needed; but the General's orders were for the men to lie quiet till the foe came close, and no shot of any kind was fired from their ranks. The Arabs kept up a persistent fusillade till just before day-break, killing one man, Private Sheldon, of the 65th (who was shot in the head while lying down), and inflicting a few slight wounds on others. At four in the morning, Wyld and the Abyssinian scouts crept out towards the enemy's firing party on the left. They found that it was composed of 150 men, supported by others, but the enemy appeared in force beyond. These scouts were seen by the Arabs, pursued and fired at, but got back without sustaining any loss. While the enemy's rifle shots came dropping in, both the doctors at the hospital waggons and General Graham's staff had many narrow escapes, Colonel Clerly just escaping a bullet, which passed near him, striking the ground at his feet. At sunrise, which was at six o'clock in the morning, the Gardner and one of the nine-pounders were turned upon the enemy, who were then within 1300 yards. The guns made excellent practice, speedily dispersing the Arabs, who retired to their main position near the Wells of Tamasi. Then Colonel Stewart arrived from Baker's Zereeba with his cavalry, about half-past six, and at seven a few squadrons trotted off to our left to turn the right of the enemy's position. The site of this camp was two miles south-west of the old battle-field where Kassim Effendi and his 600 black troops were annihilated several months before, in his attempt to relieve Sinkat.

The incidents of the battle on the 13th ult., which occupied nearly four hours, with the severe check and heavy loss suffered by the 2nd Brigade, especially the 42nd Highlanders and the 65th (York and Lancaster) Regiment; their momentary retreat, abandoning the Gatling and Gardner guns of the Naval Brigade, and their subsequent courageous rally and recapture of the guns, supported by the 1st Brigade under General Sir Redvers Buller, have already been related, and have furnished the subjects of our Artist's Sketches published last week and the week before. After the battle, the cavalry went forward over a ridge of hills, or rather granite rocks, from which they saw in the valley beyond, lying 180 ft. below, hundreds of deserted tents and huts, composing the camp of Osman Digna. The enemy had evidently beaten a disorderly retreat, for all around lay ammunition and stores. There were also some of their booty and trophies gained in former victories. The General sent back word for the 42nd and Marines to come up, but their help was not required. They had scarcely debouched into the ravine when the smoke of the burning village announced that the object of the expedition was accomplished. The village was a poor sort of a place, and scarcely worth even a lucifer match but for the effect which its conflagration might exercise upon the minds of the enemy. The smoke of the burning village was drifting towards the hills when the welcome order was given for the return march. "The backbone of Osman Digna's rebellion," says a correspondent writing on the spot, "is utterly broken, so far as resistance to the English troops is concerned. What we have now to provide for is that the Soudani Arabs shall be allowed to govern themselves in their own way, without interference by a weak and corrupt race of Egyptians."

Two ladies, Miss Lord and Miss Catherine M. Whitehead, have been re-elected, for the third time, as guardians of the poor for the parish of Lambeth.—Mrs. Maclaren and Miss Macturk (Liberal and Conservative) are amongst the members elected to the Bradford Board of Guardians. Mrs. Maclaren is niece by marriage to Mr. Bright, and, as Miss Eva Müller, served on the Lambeth Board of Guardians.

An advertisement has appeared in the Dublin papers offering a reward of £2000 for the recovery and lodgment either with Cardinal McCabe, or in the Dublin Probate Court, of the last will and testament of the late Mr. James Egan. The testator, who had carried on the business of a woollen manufacturer and merchant in High-street, Dublin, and died in 1866, bequeathed the bulk of his enormous property, amounting to close upon £1,000,000 sterling, to the late Cardinal Cullen for charitable purposes. This testamentary disposal of the property formed ground for litigation by several of Mr. Egan's relatives, who claimed a share of the testator's money.

MUSIC.

ENGLISH OPERA AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The event of the week has been the opening, on Monday, of a new series of performances of operas in English by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Of the arrangements for this short series (one month), we have already spoken.

The work chosen for the first night was Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," the most popular of the many stage works of that composer. Its predominant melody and prevailing brightness of style render it always attractive to the general public. Its performance on Monday presented but little calling for special comment, the principal performers having been before associated with their respective characters. As Arline, Madame Georgina Burns sang brightly and acted with much effect; another important feature in the cast having been the Thaddeus of Mr. Maas, who gave his music with fine quality of voice and good cantabile style. Mr. Ludwig as Count Arnheim, and Mr. Snazelle as Devilshoof, were efficient representatives of their respective parts.

The second night's performance—on Tuesday—consisted of Bizet's "Carmen," which has been a favourite work in this country ever since it was first produced, in Italian, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1878; it having also been given in a similar version at the Royal Italian Opera, and by Mr. Carl Rosa in English. The title-character has been sustained by various eminent artists, among them being Madame Marie Roze, who reappeared in it on Tuesday, when she acted with admirable perception of the qualities of the capricious and faithless gipsy girl, and sang with genuine dramatic power. In every respect it was a performance of exceptional merit. Mr. B. McGuckin, as José, gave a highly efficient representation of the earnest lover, driven to frenzy by the heartless treachery of the fascinating gipsy girl, whom he slays in the paroxysm of his jealous rage. Mr. L. Crotty, as Escamillo, the bull-fighter—the successful rival of José—both acted and sang well, and gave the popular Toreador's song with great spirit. Mlle. Baldi was a pleasing representative of Micaela, and sang her music with genuine expression. The subordinate characters were also efficiently filled, and the general rendering of the opera—including the orchestral and choral details—might compare favourably with that of some previous occasions elsewhere. Mr. Randegger conducted very skillfully on both the evenings referred to. Wallace's "Maritana" was announced for Wednesday, Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba" for Thursday, Ambrose Thomas's "Mignon" for Friday, "Carmen" for this (Saturday) afternoon, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" in the evening. Of these performances we must speak hereafter.

Next Tuesday Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" is to be given; and on Thursday Mr. C. V. Stanford's new opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," will be produced.

The last of the present series of Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts takes place this week, leaving only the usual supplementary concert for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor, to be given on April 26. At the concert of last week Miss A. Goodwin made a favourable impression by her careful execution of Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor. The programme closed with Sir Arthur Sullivan's graceful and characteristic incidental music to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," given for the first time at these concerts. The inauguration of the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday next will include the performance—besides a miscellaneous selection of music—of a new "St. George's Te Deum," composed expressly for the occasion by Sir G. A. Macfarren. There will be a grand orchestra of 250 performers, the bands of the Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards co-operating; the choruses being rendered by the London contingent of the Handel Festival Choir. The solo vocalists announced are—Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Santley; Mr. Manns being the conductor.

The Richter Concerts will enter on a new series at St. James's Hall on Monday next, with a programme chiefly devoted to the music of Wagner and Liszt. Nine performances are to be given, extending to June 16 inclusive.

The second season of Mr. Willing's choir will close, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening next, when Mr. A. Cellier's setting of "Gray's Elegy" (produced at last year's Leeds Festival), and a new cantata entitled "Parizadeh," composed by Mr. W. Bendall, will be performed.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER IN LONDON.

The services at the various churches in London on Good Friday were generally attended by large congregations. The "Three Hours' Service" was held, it is reckoned, in about 200 churches in London and suburbs. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present during the service at St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Bishop of Rochester conducted it at St. Paul's, Lorrimer-square. Those who observed Good Friday as a holiday were favoured with fine though somewhat fresh and cool weather. Excursions by rail and steam-boat were largely patronised, the various open spaces were crowded, and the river was covered with pleasure seekers in craft of all kinds. Sacred concerts were given at the Albert Hall, the Crystal Palace, and other places.

The Easter Sunday services at the metropolitan churches were very well attended.

In spite of the weather, which, on the whole, was scarcely favourable to outdoor recreation, Bank Holiday brought vast numbers of people to and carried them from the metropolis; the railway stations, the tram-cars and omnibuses, and even the steam-boats, were thronged, and museums, galleries, and places of amusement were largely patronised.

The Earl of Carnarvon presided on the 10th inst. over a meeting at Newbury to promote a fund for the erection of a hospital in the neighbourhood, and was during the proceedings elected to the office of president.

Mr. Ignatius Williams, of the North Wales Circuit, has been appointed Stipendiary Magistrate of Pontypridd, in succession to Mr. Williams, appointed County Court Judge for Mid-Wales.

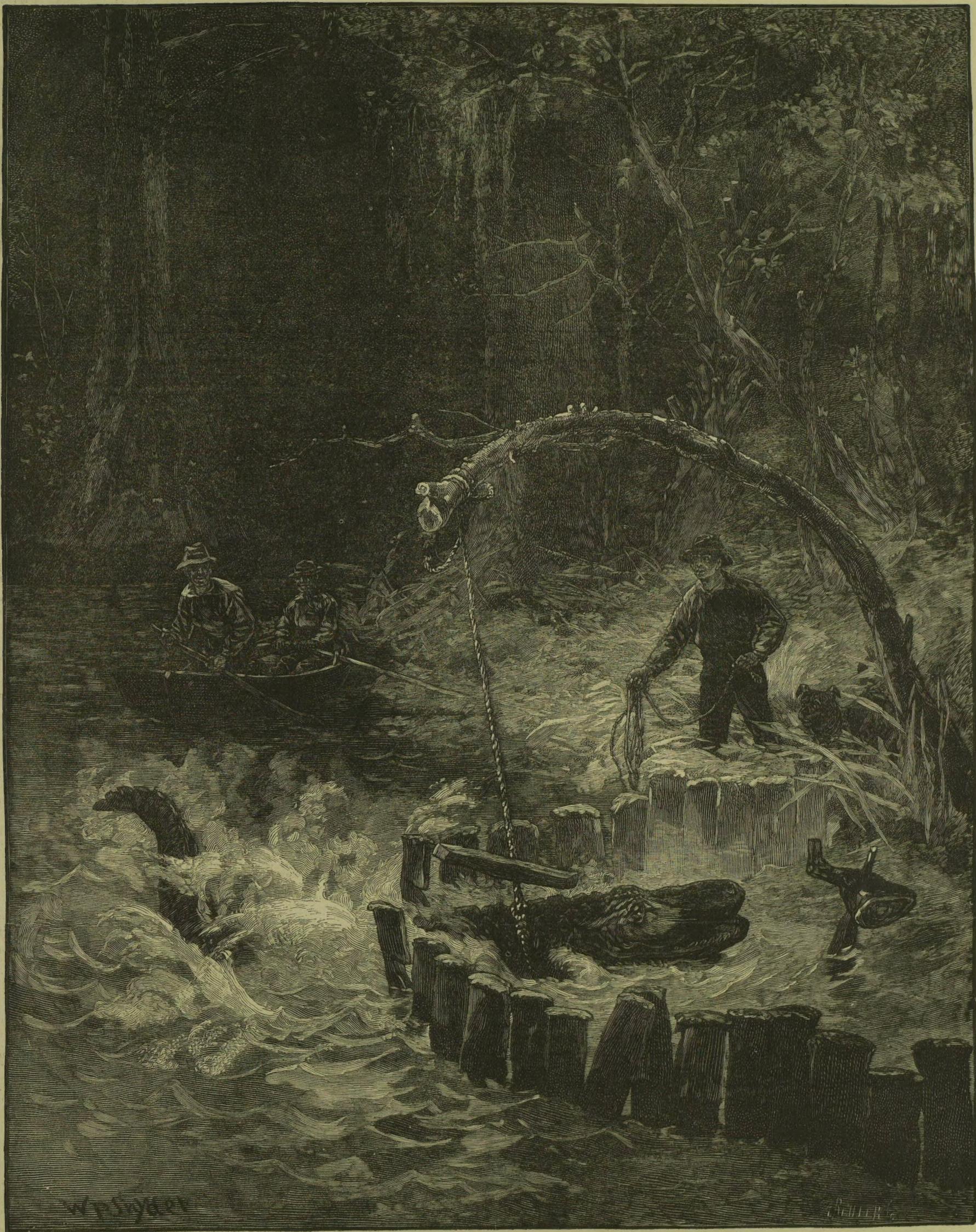
Some seven hundred boys of Christ's Hospital attended at the Mansion House on Tuesday, and received their Easter gifts from the Lord Mayor. The Municipal dignitaries returned with the boys to Christ Church, where the Spital sermon was preached by the Bishop of St. David's.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen is expected to preside at a concert lecture to be given by Miss Jennie Young, of New York, at Exeter Hall, on Friday, the 18th inst., on Music and the Fine Arts; the lecture being illustrated by several songs, and by a transcription and metamorphosis of Beethoven's Sonata No. 8, by Mr. R. H. F. Rippon.

The silver medals which have been awarded by his Majesty the King of Denmark to Charles Spratt, the master, and to Richard Chandler, the second hand of the fishing-vessel England's Rose, of Ramsgate, for having rescued the crew of the Danish ship Ann Catherine, in the North Sea, during a gale on Sept. 2, have been presented to the men at Ramsgate.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: CAVALRY BURNING OSMAN DIGNA'S VILLAGE AND ENCAMPMENT.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



CATCHING ALLIGATORS IN FLORIDA.

The crocodiles, an order of reptiles distinguished from the lizards by their scaly armour and by the structure of their jaws and teeth, with other organic peculiarities, exist in different parts of Africa, Asia, and America; but the alligator genus or family, including the cayman of tropical South America, here demands our particular notice. These animals may be compared with the Eastern crocodiles among the living specimens in the new Reptile House at the Zoological Society's Gardens. The alligator, it will be observed, is not web-footed, or only to the extent of the first joint of the toes; the hind legs and feet are round; the scales are differently set on the body, while the arrangement of the teeth is very peculiar. The species common in the swamps and creeks of Florida and Louisiana, and which formerly abounded in the Mississippi, as well as in the States of Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, is the "Alligator Lucius," or Pike Alligator,

so named by Cuvier from the shape of its head resembling that of the fish called the pike. This formidable creature grows to a length of fourteen or fifteen feet, the head alone being two feet long and one foot broad, flat on the top, and terminating in a straight wide snout, rounded at the end. It opens enormous jaws armed with jagged teeth, fit for tearing its prey to pieces, which it can snap when angry, hissing loudly at the same time, so as to frighten an unaccustomed enemy. But its ordinary food is the fish of the ponds and rivers, though beasts and even men, going incautiously into the water, have sometimes been attacked. In colour, this alligator is of a deep greenish brown on the back and sides, with stripes of a lighter hue along the flanks, and its belly is yellow; the eyes, which are bright and keen, are protected by thick fleshy eyelids. The female, once a year, lays her eggs in the warm sand, and covers them with grass or leaves to be

hatched. In the winter, this "alligator" buries itself in the mud and sleeps through the cold season, but is actively engaged in "making allegations," as a certain member of Parliament once said, during the better part of the year. He is regarded by the "humans" of Florida rather as a pest and a "cuss;" while they are tempted also to destroy him by the value of his teeth and hide. Some of the class of "poor whites," who cannot labour for wages like the "niggers," and who have no trade by which to earn their living, a class known as "crackers" in Florida, devote themselves to alligator-hunting. It is usually practised by laying traps, set in the manner represented in our Illustration, which will perhaps be understood from the description thus quaintly given to Mr. Kirk Munroe by a veteran practitioner at Jacksonville:—
"Some fellers makes traps; like ez not you've seen 'em in some of the creeks puttin' in from the St. John's. They

drives a ring of stout stakes in the water, clus to the bank, with an opening to one side. On the side nearest the bank they bend down a sapling with a noose to the end of it, an' jest inside the noose, in the water, they fixes a bait that'll spring the sapling when it's teched. That yanks the 'gator's head up in the yair, an' afore he can get clar they has him bound fast with ropes. That ain't my way, though. Hit's too much work a-fixing of the trap; you has ter wait too long a-watchin' fer the 'gators to come along an' stick ther snouts into it, an' then they'm too all-fired lively with ther tails, when ther heads is cotched, to suit me. Sometimes I fixes a noose on to the end of a spring sapling acrost a run-way when it comes handy, an' I've cotched a right smart of 'em that ar way too; but I ginerally goes fer 'em in ther holes, an' digs 'em out. I allow, 'gators is mighty peart with ther tails; but they can't do nothing much with ther jaws. Them's ther weak pint. Why, Sir, I kin cotch that thar 'gator by the end of his jaws with my han's, when hit's mouth shet, an' hold it shet spite of all he kin do; but keep outen the way of his tail, fer yer mought jes as well hev a cannon-ball strike yer. Does cotching 'gators pay? Wa'al, ef a man tends to business, he kin make living wages at hit. I got twenty-five dollars fer this yere feller, an' prices 'range 'cordin' to size."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

At the Lyceum, on Saturday, the Twelfth instant, the renowned American tragedian, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, made his first appearance before an English audience in a romantic drama, in three acts, called "Yorick's Love." Mr. Lawrence Barrett had not been five minutes on the stage before his audience became fully aware of the fact that they had before them an actor not only of rare artistic capacity and long-trying experience, but of strikingly original powers. To begin with, I have rarely witnessed a scene of such uproarious enthusiasm as that which arose when our new friend from the States first presented himself on the Lyceum stage; but the excellence of his acting throughout a long, tiresome, and, in many respects, silly play, continued to justify the magnificence of his reception; and the repeated calls with which he was greeted between the acts, and at the close of the performance, were obviously not the applause of a *claque* of "too-partial friends," but the outcome of honest admiration in all parts of the house. The American tragedian made an immediate, a marked, and a most brilliant success; and that success, I should say, will be permanent if, as I earnestly hope will be the case, Mr. Barrett plays a round of Shakspearean characters. He is much too good an actor to waste his genius on such a bombastic farrago of fustian as "Yorick's Love."

The drama is announced to be an adaptation, by Mr. W. D. Howells, from the Spanish of Estabanez. Mr. Howells is a very clever gentleman; and it is a pity that he did not cast his adaptation in a genuinely Spanish instead of a sham English mould. The story is one of illicit love, revenge, and murder, and could have been very appropriately put forward in an intensely Castilian aspect. Yorick and his wife are much more Spanish than English in their ways and moods of thought. So is the tragic villain; and as for the theatrical manager, "Master" Heywood, he might possibly pass muster as an Iberian manager; but I am sure that this wordy, wearisome, and intolerable personage, this Mr. Barlow in trunk hose, this Dr. Cantwell turned player, who is alternately the tyrant, the *censor morum*, and the father confessor of his company, would never for one moment be recognised as an English manager belonging to any period of English dramatic history. Mr. Howells' attempt to conjure up an image of Shakspeare's England is not only disastrous but exasperating. We do not mind the French gabbling nonsense about "Chespir" and "the Divine Williams," because we know that in most things concerning our national bard they are in a condition of what Romanists term "invincible ignorance." But the Americans love and understand our Poet's words. He belongs as much to them as he does to us; and it is really not to be borne with that Mr. Howells should make his heroine, Alice, an actress at the Globe Theatre in 1613—when there were no women actors at all on the English stage; the female parts being filled by boys. Again, he might have remembered that in the seventeenth century theatrical performances took place not in the evening, but in the afternoon. And he might also have remembered that "Master" Thomas Heywood, who speaks so slightly of poets and dramatic authors, was himself a poet and playwright, and the author, it is said, of two hundred and twenty-two plays; and that, finally, the leading actor at the Globe Theatre in 1613 (in the July of which year it was burned down) was Richard Burbage. None of the characters in Mr. Howells' adaptation have a word to say about Burbage, although they chatter glibly enough of having met with and talked to Shakspeare—possibly in a street-car or at a free lunch.

The plot of "Yorick's Love" is simple to baldness; and its scant amount of interest is diminished by the circumstance of the catastrophe being, from the very first, foreseen by the audience. Yorick, a middle-aged gentleman with a young, pretty, and foolish wife named Alice, is first low comedian at the Globe. He has an adopted son named Edmund. Alice and Edmund fall in love with one another. "Master" Thomas Heywood, the virtuous manager, perceives the abyss into which the two young people are hurrying, and solemnly warns them to retrace their steps and see each other no more. But Walton, the leading tragedian and a deep-dyed villain, hates Yorick, because that low comedian—as many comedians have done before him—fancies that his real forte is in high tragedy, and has persuaded Manager Heywood to allow him to play the hero in a tragedy about to be produced at the Globe, and in which a Count Octavio—having been made aware by means of a letter conveyed to him by a villain named Landolfo that his wife Beatrice has become guiltily enamoured of his adopted son Manfredo—falls upon the last and slays him with his sword. The audience know very well that this tragical consummation will happen in reality when Yorick comes to play Count Octavio; Walton, Landolfo; Alice, Beatrice; and Edmund, Manfredo. The catastrophe is, of course, brought about by the lingo-cum-Mephistophiles-like intrigues of the villain Walton, who gradually arouses Yorick's jealousy, and, becoming by a rascally subterfuge the possessor of a letter in which the imprudent Edmund has urged the still innocent Alice to fly with him, hands the billet to Yorick when he is playing the part of Octavio. Of course the infuriated Octavio denounces the treacherous Edmund-Manfredo, in the language of the dramatic poet, and then proceeds to run him through the body with the sword of the really injured husband. Alice-Beatrice unaccountably disappears from the *dénouement*, and the villainous Walton-Landolfo, who has slunk away after handing Yorick-Octavio the fatal letter, is said by manager Heywood to have been "stabbed in the street." Why or by whom it is not explained. Yorick makes an affecting speech over the body of the slain Edmund, and then kills himself. Nonsensical as much of the play is, it never fails to be deeply interesting so long as Mr. Lawrence Barrett is himself on the stage. At least he does not talk bathos. Him the adapter has provided—or Mr. Barrett has

provided himself—with coherent and dignified language, often rising to true eloquence. His voice is singularly melodious, his enunciation distinct, his English limpid, his facial expression mobile, his every attitude graceful and unaffected, his entire bearing winning and sympathetic. To my thinking, Mr. Lawrence Barrett showed, on Easter Eve, only one conspicuous defect—his delivery was too rapid. It was wonderfully fluent; but his words flowed far too fast for their meaning to be fully mastered by the audience. This over-haste in utterance may have been to some extent due to the nervousness under which the accomplished actor was evidently labouring; and the defect will probably cease to be apparent in future performances.

The power of an actor equally gifted and skilful to keep his audience thoroughly well in hand, to enforce their attention to much that was scarcely worth listening to, and to secure their condonation of the shortcomings of a most imperfect play by his adroit and earnest interpretation of its salient points, has seldom been more significantly shown than in the case of "Yorick's Love." So thoroughly satisfactory was Mr. Lawrence Barrett that the audience were content to forget how rubbishy much of the play was. Much praise must also be bestowed on the majority of the artists who supported Mr. Barrett. Mr. Louis James, who played the "goody-goody" bore "Master" Heywood, is not by any means a bad actor. He has a commanding presence, and a sonorous albeit unpleasantly sepulchral voice; but the inflated verbiage with which the adapter had filled his part seemed to have imbued Mr. James with the impression that he was the Great Panjandrum with the Little Round Button atop, the Grand Primo of the Order of Antediluvian Buffaloes, and the Adelantado of the Seven Cities all rolled into one. In a more natural part he will probably be more natural. Mr. James Fernandez, as the cool, self-possessed, and steadfastly malignant villain Walton, was, as is his wont, admirable. Mr. Mark Quinton was about a size and a half too tall and stalwart as the peccant Edmund; but he spoke his "lines" smoothly, and made flagitious love passionately. Mr. Philip Ben Greet as Woodford, the dramatic poet, gave a not ineffective sketch of a literary coxcomb of the Jacobian period; and that capital comedian, Mr. Fred. W. Irish, infused some true humour into the small part of Gregory, Yorick's old serving-man. Miss Marie Wainwright did full justice to the part of Mistress Alice. The young lady is gifted with considerable personal attractions. She has a graceful presence and a flexible voice; and with every temptation to rant, she availed herself but very sparingly of that perilous privilege. Dorothy, a saucy waiting-woman, was played with much archness by Miss Annie Rose. The scenery of "Yorick's Love," by Messrs. Hawes Craven and W. G. Cuthbert, was bright and picturesque, and the costumes, by Auguste and Co., from designs by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, were as tasteful as they were splendid. But I want to see Mr. Lawrence Barrett in Shakspeare.

At the Olympic, on Thursday, the Tenth, was produced, for the first time in England, a rough-and-ready, vigorous melodrama, called "My Partner," written by Mr. Bartley Campbell. The playbill states that "My Partner" is at present being "played with phenomenal success throughout the Australian Colonies, the United States, and Canada." Five-and-twenty years ago, in London, Mr. Bartley Campbell's "powerful emotional drama" would have been accounted as one of a purely transpontine type; but now that the bridges have been made toll-free, the transpontine drama has crossed into Middlesex, and seems to be as welcome there as it formerly was in Surrey. The plot of "My Partner" hinges upon the rivalry between Joe Saunders and Ned Singleton, two "bhoys" seeking their fortunes in the Californian gold-diggings, for the hand of Mary Brandon, the pretty daughter of an hotel-keeper. Joe learns that his "partner" Ned has not only won Mary's heart, but has betrayed her. Joe puts his pistol to Ned's head, and forces him to swear that he will marry Mary. Then he dissolves the partnership, separates the bullion belonging to the firm into two heaps, of which he takes one, and departs; but, returning to shake hands with the man whose friendship he has been compelled to repudiate, he is horrified to find that Ned has been murdered for the sake of his gold-dust. Of course Joe is accused of having committed the crime, and of course he is ultimately proved to be innocent, and marries Mary. Four acts full of incident, but sometimes of a slightly rambling and discursive kind, gave Mr. George Rignold as Joe Saunders ample opportunities to display the energy and directness, the hearty geniality, and the manly pathos of which he is so approved a master. Mr. Philip Beck was fairly efficient as the faithless but terribly requited "partner" Ned Singleton; and an American politician of the "Orator Pop" species, Major Henry Clay Britt, was most amusingly played by Mr. Harry Courtaine, who has appeared, it is announced, more than five hundred times in the part. To an English audience there was a superfluity of "bird-o'-freedomism" in Mr. Courtaine's utterances. Josiah Venable, the real assassin of Ned Singleton, was adequately represented by Mr. Howard Russell; Mr. J. G. Wilson was droll as a "Heathen Chinese" named Wing-Lee; and Miss Alma Murray was quiet, tender, and effective as Mary Brandon, the betrayed one, who, as the programme puts it, "had no mother to guide her." "My Partner" was completely successful.

Mr. Charles Wyndham, most mercurial and vivacious of light comedians, and on whose shoulders the mantle of Charles Mathews the Second has to a great extent descended, having reaped a golden harvest in the United States, returns with his lively company to find a golden theatre has been prepared for him in his absence. Brilliant, indeed, with gilding looked the New Criterion when a large audience assembled on Wednesday, the Sixteenth, to welcome Mr. Wyndham on his reappearance in Mr. Bronson Howard's mirthful comedy of "Brighton," and to laugh at Bob Sackett's airy assurance that each fresh innamorata was "the only girl" he "ever loved." At a cost of several thousand pounds to the proprietors, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, has the Criterion been reconstructed and redecorated; and with such sound judgment and good taste have the plans of the ingenious architect, Mr. T. Verity, been carried out that the renovated Criterion may be fairly pronounced one of the handsomest and most luxurious of the lustrous group of playhouses of which London has reason to be proud. It may be of interest to ladies who like the colour of their dresses to harmonise with the prevailing hues of the theatre they attend to mention that the Criterion Stalls and Circle seats are lined with satin of a "crushed strawberry tint," which is a relief to the profuse gilding. A soft light is shed by the numerous lamps of the Edison Swan Company. Our Engravings convey some notion of the comfort and elegance of the Criterion auditorium, the new corridor, and new Crush-Room. It should also be stated that the proper accommodation of the players behind the scenes has also been studied; the dressing-rooms and Green-Room being exceptionally spacious. To crown all, the ventilation of the Criterion is good; the entrances and exits in Piccadilly and Jermyn-street are abundant; and the Metropolitan Board of Works have stamped the manifest improvements with the seal of their approval. In fine, Mr. Charles

Wyndham could not wish for a handsomer frame than the Criterion for those light sketches of character which he presents with consummate ability.

The new Alhambra Theatre also assumed a pleasanter face for the Eastertide holiday-makers, the brightly coloured auditorium presenting a finished appearance at last, and theré being none of the Christmas draughts left to freeze the audience whilst the inspiring comic opera of Herr Carl Millöcker, "The Beggar Student," was performed, with that musical and saltatory embellishment for which the Alhambra has a reputation. Melodious and lively in the extreme is much of the music of "The Beggar Student," the English libretto of which is from the practised pen of Mr. W. Beatty Kingston. I should imagine the music publishers would have a demand for the "Beggar Student's" song in praise of Polish beauty, and for his love-duets with Laura, to whom he is betrothed through a plot clearly borrowed from the late Lord Lytton's "Lady of Lyons." Miss Fanny Leslie and Miss Marion Hood, who are the Claude Melnotte and Pauline Deschappelles of this Polish version of "The Lady of Lyons," render their songs and duets with infinite sweetness and expression, and are warmly applauded. The light-hearted and nimble Claude (or Simon Romanovich) has a dulcet-voiced companion in promotion, the disguised aide-de-camp of the King of Poland, one Count Opalinski (Mr. Henry Hallam), who makes love to Laura's sister Stephania (Miss Irene Verona) in the tunesome fashion common with tenors. But what of the ballets? That is the crucial question at the Alhambra. Picturesque, fresh in design, and elaborate, the choregraphic displays incorporated in "The Beggar Student," with the liveliest ballet music the hand of Mr. Jacobi, the accomplished conductor, could score, are certain to be popular. From the bustle of the merry Fair, with its enlivening Ballet of Polish Sleigh-Drivers, Pierrots, and Jugglers, and with Mdle. Palladino in some of her most elaborate *pas*, and the grotesque Rosa Troupe in a new eccentric dance, to the graceful Mazurka in the Novalska Palace, and to the stirring Polish March and Military Ballet after the Polish rising, each ornate gathering of the Alhambra clans of coryphées is a bright and glowing pageant. The surpassing grace of Mdle. Pertoldi is reserved for the last. There can be no question of the success of "The Beggar Student," for the production of which Mr. William Holland was honoured with the customary call before the curtain after a similar compliment had been paid to Miss Marion Hood and Miss Fanny Leslie, and the other leading personages—prominent among whom were Mr. Fred. Mervin, capital as General Ollendorf, and the comely bevy of fair girls guised as Saxon officers, including Miss Emily Duncan and Miss Marie Williams. The scenery, by Mr. Albert Callcott and Mr. Charles Brooke, is worthy the ballets, which have been arranged with artistic skill by M. Bertrand.

Of the building of new playhouses there is no end. Yet another addition has been made this week to the West-End theatres by the opening of the Empire, a new centre for the performance of spectacular opera (a revival of the "Chilperic" of M. Hervé being the first production), erected on the north side of Leicester-square. I shall have something to say of this promising enterprise next week.

As None but the Brave proverbially deserve the Fair, so none but the bold command success in the theatrical world. Mr. J. R. Taylor undeniably possessed this great qualification for getting on when he summoned up courage to take Her Majesty's Theatre for the purpose of presenting the public with melodramatic fare at "popular prices." The new lessee began well on Easter Monday with the late Mr. Tom Taylor's Olympic drama of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," most attractively mounted, and with a remarkably powerful cast, including Mr. Charles Vandenhoff as Bob Brierly, Miss Amy Roselle as a sympathetic May Edwards, Miss M. A. Victor as Mrs. Willoughby, and Miss Clara Jecks as the *gamin* of the piece. The Misses Vokes (who shone with their agile brother in the pantomime of "Cinderella" at Her Majesty's) have assumed the responsibility of management at the Imperial, to which theatre a new lease of prosperous vitality should be imparted by the brisk farcical novelty of "In Camp," the fun whereof is merrily sustained by Mr. Fred. Vokes, Miss Victoria Vokes, Miss Lizzie Mulholland, Mr. Fawdon Vokes, and Mr. Murray.

The dainty little Royalty Theatre has secured a certain cure for what our French neighbours assume to be our besetting complaint—"le spleen"—in the hilarious comic opera of "La Cosaque," the light music of which is composed by M. Hervé, and the farcical story of which was originally furnished by MM. Meilhac and Millaud. The English adaptor, Mr. Sydney Grundy, has faithfully preserved the spirit of the original, which Madame Judic and M. Dupuis made popular in Paris. As the wilful, capricious, high-spirited Russian Princess whose eccentricities give the name to the piece, Miss Kate Santley acts and sings with habitual *chic*, winning an encore by her clever imitation of the Thérèse type of cantatrice. "La Cosaque" runs away, quite Platonically, from her palatial home in St. Petersburg with a debonaire French commercial traveller, one Jules Primitif, impersonated with characteristic drollery by Mr. Henry Ashley, whose comic song of "Alphonso" serves as a catchword throughout the three acts. The sprightly humour of "La Cosaque" is well sustained by M. Marius, who, as the Russian Prince Grégoire, follows his flighty niece to Paris in the hope of obtaining her hand for his son. The irascible Prince Grégoire, after tracing the runaway Princess to a Paris milliner's, in whose shop a variety of amusing incidents take place, eventually achieves the object of his mission. "La Cosaque" agrees to marry a son of his—his missing son, whom he recognises in Jules Primitif. Relieved by touches of eccentric idiosyncrasies irresistibly diverting, the ludicrous episodes in "La Cosaque"—notably the confessions of the three Russian Princes—elicit a resonant chorus of hilarity. Thanks to the spirited acting and singing of Miss Kate Santley, M. Marius, Mr. Ashley, Miss Amalia, and Mr. H. Williams, "La Cosaque" is an unquestionable success. G. A. S.

The Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England has presented to Mr. Edward Trimmer, the secretary, £500 on his completion of twenty-five years of service in the institution.

Mr. Frederick Penna will give a recital of "Macbeth" at Steinway Hall next Wednesday evening, when Matthew Locke's celebrated music to the tragedy will be sung by Mr. Edward Rogers's choir.

The National Archery Society has accepted an invitation to hold its annual prize meeting in Windsor, at St. Mark's School Playing-Fields, on Aug. 6 and two following days. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein will give their patronage to the meeting.

The Warwick Dog Show, under Kennel Club rules, was opened on Wednesday. It is stated to be the largest show ever held in the provinces. Some of the most noted dogs in the kingdom, including ninety-nine champions, competed, and upwards of £800 in prizes was given by most of the leading clubs. The total number of dogs entered was 1200.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 15.

The Senate has resisted to the end and maintained its vote on the municipal law of Paris in spite of the Chamber, and so the project of the grand *sectionnement*, as it was called, falls through, and the municipal elections of Paris will take place by scrutin de liste and by arrondissement, with four councillors for each arrondissement. The Chamber has continued the debate on army reform, and the important question of obligatory military service for all, and the complete abolition of the volontariat, and of all systems of exemption and substitutions, was fully discussed. The Minister of War demanded three years' obligatory military service for all Frenchmen alike, and the majority of the Chamber seemed to be in sympathy with him. However, the final voting will take place after the Easter holidays, the Chamber having adjourned until May 20.

The electoral period for the municipal elections of May 4 is already open; 36,000 municipal councils have to be renewed, and in several departments these elections present exceptional political gravity on account of the final struggle which the Royalists intend to make against the Republic. In brief, the following is the situation. In January, 1885, thirty departments, together with the electoral colleges of Algiers, Guadeloupe, and Réunion, will proceed to elect new senatorial representatives, to the number of seventy-five; that is to say, a quarter of the Senate. Now, according to the terms of the Constitution, the Senatorial Electoral College is composed of deputies, of members of the councils of the department and of the arrondissement, and of delegates from each commune. The latter, by their preponderating numbers, are masters of the election, for out of the 15,000 voters composing the electoral colleges of the thirty departments in question more than 12,000 are delegates of the municipal councils. It was in consideration of this composition of the electoral colleges that Gambetta called the Senate the Grand Council of the French Communes. After these elections the Senate will have accomplished its first evolution of nine years, and next January the original Senate of 1876, with the exception of the surviving life-members, will have been entirely renewed by the elections of 1879, 1882, and 1884. The elections of 1879 and 1882 gave a most terrible blow to the hopes of the Royalists: it is necessary that the elections of 1884 should be equally eloquent, and that is why, instead of being influenced by local interests, they will be purely political. Furthermore, since the beginning of the present Republic, the municipal elections have been the touchstone of public opinion: it was the result of the municipal elections of 1871 that gave M. Thiers authority to resist the Monarchists. It is of importance that the elections of 1884 should be not less frankly Republican. The Senate, as modified by the elections of May 4, will have in its hands the fate of the proposed revision of the Constitution, and will participate in the election of a successor to M. Grévy in 1886, or in his re-election. From all points of view, then, the forthcoming elections are exceedingly interesting.

The end of Lent was marked by the usual manifestations of fashionable piety on the part of one section of Parisian society and by harmless manifestations of impiety on the part of the plebeian revolutionaries, who made a point of devouring blood puddings on Good Friday, followed by "Veau sauté à la Danton," "Pré salé à la Marat," "Compote prolétarienne," "Mitrailles au sucre," "Café de Nouméa," and free-thinking dishes. At one dinner the principal toast was "Au peuple, ce grand crucifié!" It seems to be the delegates of the Parisian atheist, anarchist, and otherwise revolutionary societies who are fomenting the disturbances at Anzin, and prolonging by their incendiary discourses the duration of the strike. Before the adjournment of the Chamber there was a fresh interpellation on the sending of troops to protect the working miners, and the Government obtained the sanction of the majority, in spite of MM. Clémenceau and Clovis Hughes. The number of men returning to work goes on increasing slowly, while the leaders of the strike become more and more excessive in their demands.

The Municipal Council has voted a grant of 35,000*fr.* to defray the cost of representation at the International Health and Education Exhibition in London.

Intelligence has been received here of the evacuation of Hongkoo by the Chinese troops. They offered no resistance to the French force, but took to flight after having set fire to the town.

M. Adolphe de Leuven, the well-known dramatic author, after occupying Paris and the newspapers during the last three weeks with his stoical preparations for death, and the bons mots of his last moments, expired yesterday, at the age of eighty-two. M. de Leuven was the son of the Count Ribbing who, with the Count de Horn, was banished from Sweden in 1792, after the murder of Gustavus III. at a masked ball, an event which forms the subject of Verdi's Opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera." M. de Leuven was the friend and collaborator of the elder Dumas and author of innumerable pieces of all kinds. The famous chemist, M. Jean Baptiste Dumas, member of the French Academy and perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, died on Sunday at Cannes, at the age of eighty-four. M. Dumas is considered, after Lavoisier, to have been the second founder of mineral and organic chemistry, and, as in the case of Le Verrier, the astronomer, England awarded to M. Dumas the highest recompense she reserves for men of science. In 1869, the London Chemical Society gave him the gold Faraday Medal. M. Dumas's discoveries were too numerous to be enumerated here: we may mention his studies of alcohol, ether, indigo, nitric acid, and his theory of substitutions, which led to a hot controversy with the famous Berzelius. M. Edouard Dentu, the well-known publisher, died here on Sunday, after a painful illness, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

On Saturday a bronze medallion was placed above the history chair at the Collège de France in honour of the three professors Mickiewicz, Michelet, and Quinet, who were revoked from their functions by Imperial intolerance. M. Renan made an eloquent speech in favour of intellectual liberty, and said that the Collège de France would remain, what it always had been, the asylum of independent research and thought, the fortress of intellectual honesty.—A bronze medallion of the great painters Th. Rousseau and J. F. Millet was unveiled in the forest of Fontainebleau yesterday, in the presence of a few artists and journalists. The medallion is placed on a rock near the Barbizon entrance.—M. Ferry, several Ministers, and the former friends and followers of Gambetta were present yesterday at the unveiling of a statue of the late ex-dictator at his birthplace, Cahors. The Paris papers take advantage of this occasion to conduct Gambetta to the Capitol or to fling him into the Tiber, according to their particular political opinions.

T. C.

Extensive preparations are being made at Turin for the inauguration of the National Exhibition there on the 26th inst. This exhibition, for which the municipality and citizens have subscribed 3,825,000*fr.*, will illustrate Italian enterprise and demonstrate the progress of the arts and manufactures of the country to the present day.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, with their suite, left Vienna on Monday night, en route for Constantinople and the east of Europe.—The International Ornithological Congress at Vienna was closed yesterday week.

The Emperor William's health is restored. His Majesty attends to his usual business. The Empress has been suffering from a cold, but her indisposition gives no cause for anxiety.

Both Houses of the Swedish Parliament have passed a bill closing public-houses on Sunday throughout Sweden.

The appointment by Imperial Ukase of M. de Saal as Russian Ambassador to Great Britain is gazetted.—It is announced that the Russian Government has concluded with St. Petersburg and Berlin bankers a 5 per cent loan of £15,000,000, to be applied to the construction of railways.

The King of Greece paid a visit on Tuesday to Lady Dufferin at the British Legation at Athens.

The representatives of British Columbia in the Dominion Parliament have formally protested against the action of the Dominion Government in disallowing the Anti-Chinese Bill passed by the Provincial Legislature.—The Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company have bought out the rival company for 10,000 *dols.*, thus securing the Government free grant of 9,000,000 acres of land.—The Legislature of Nova Scotia has extended the franchise at municipal elections to widows and unmarried women.—The two men who were apprehended at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in October, being found in possession of portions of infernal machines and a large quantity of explosives, have been found guilty of being in possession of them for a felonious purpose, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The Captain-General of Cuba has telegraphed that the filibustering expedition to that island under general Agüero numbers but twenty-nine persons, and that it has divided, and some members of it are fleeing, pursued by Government troops.

Intelligence received at Shanghai from Peking states that the Empress of China has publicly degraded five members of the Privy Council, including Prince Kung, for the dilatoriness displayed by them in dealing with Tongkin affairs.

It is officially announced that the revenue of Cyprus for the year ending March 31 last was £80,000 in excess of the actual expenditure.

A Reuter's telegram from Loanda states that Dr. Pogge, the German explorer, died there on March 17.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, and Prince and Princess Christian, on Good Friday attended a special service, conducted by the Dean of Windsor, at the Albert Memorial Chapel, just over the vault where the remains of the late Duke of Albany rest. Her Majesty, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Beatrice drove to Claremont in the morning to visit the Duchess of Albany, who continues to be well in health. The Queen, the Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the Private Chapel on Sunday morning. On Monday the Queen held a Council, the last before her departure for Germany. The *Court Circular* states that, although the Queen's health has not materially suffered during the recent most trying days, her Majesty requires rest, and her medical advisers have recommended a complete change of air. The Queen, therefore, pays a visit to Darmstadt, where her Majesty will remain in private for a short time. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Queen left Windsor Castle on Tuesday evening, and travelled by rail to Port Victoria, Sheerness, proceeding thence on board the Royal yacht Osborne, which sailed on Wednesday morning for Flushing, en route to Darmstadt. While at Darmstadt, where they are expected to remain about a fortnight, the Queen and Princess will be the guests of the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse (her Majesty's son-in-law), whose eldest daughter, Princess Victoria Alberta, will be married to Prince Louis of Battenberg on the 30th inst., during the Royal visit. Her Majesty has expressed her intention to subscribe £100 towards the fund for establishing a home for freed female slaves at Cairo. The Queen's Maundy gifts were distributed in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, to sixty-five old men and as many old women, the number of recipients corresponding to the age of her Majesty. The gifts consisted of money in purses, in lieu of the former doles in provisions and clothing. The minor bounties were distributed during the week at the Royal Almonry, in Scotland-yard, to over a thousand aged persons recommended by the clergy of the London parishes.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Good Friday. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House last Saturday morning, and proceeded to Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses, with the ladies and gentlemen of the household, attended Divine service at Sandringham church on Sunday.

The Duke of Edinburgh landed at Malta on Monday, under a salute from the forts, but, in consequence of the general mourning for the late Duke of Albany, his Royal Highness had "a quiet, though very loyal reception."

The Queen has appointed Francis Charles Hastings, Duke of Bedford, K.G., to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Huntingdon, in the room of John William, Earl of Sandwich, deceased.

Viscount Hampden, G.C.B., the late Speaker, will take the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, in place of the Marquis of Lorne, who, owing to the death of the Duke of Albany, is unable to preside. The dinner is now arranged to take place on June 14.

The "Royal Navy List" for April, published by Witherby and Co., of 11, High Holborn, and edited by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Lean, has been issued. In addition to the usually full and complete information which it contains, there has been affixed to the names of her Majesty's ships of war the titles of the famous naval victories with which the present or former owners of those names have been associated.

In the presence of about 4000 spectators, a fifty miles race for the bicycle championship cup and for prizes of £50, took place last Saturday, at Leicester. There were fifteen competitors—T. Battersby, of Newcastle, winning by three laps.—The ascent of Reigate-hill (starting from the Grapes Hotel) was accomplished on Easter Monday on a Meteor Social Tricycle by Messrs. H. G. Painter, of the Carleton Cycling Club, and C. Powell, of the Holborn Cycling Club, the latter gentleman having only one arm. The use of tricycles is fast obtaining abroad as well as at home. Thus, the Premier Works, Coventry, have received an order for a tricycle from the Netherlands, for Count von Limburg Stirum, and another from Riga, Russia, for Baron von Grünewaldt. By-the-by, a useful handbook has just come to hand bearing the title "Tricycles of the Year 1884," being a chronicle of new inventions and improvements in the machine. It is written by Harry Hewitt Griffin, of the London Athletic Club, and published by Mr. Upcott Gill, Strand.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL PRINGLE TAYLOR.

General Pringle Taylor, of Pennington House, Hants, K.H., Colonel 24th Regiment, died at his seat, near Lymington, on the 5th inst. He was born Jan. 25, 1796, the second son of William Taylor, K.C., Lord Chief Justice of Jamaica, by Eliza, his wife, daughter of Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, of the Manor of Cortlandt, New York. He entered the 22nd Light Dragoons in 1811, and attained the rank of General in 1871. His career was a distinguished one. He served in India from 1811 to 1820, during the whole of the Mahratta war of 1817, 1818, and 1819, and, at the storming of Copauldroog in the last-named year, leading the forlorn hope, was severely wounded. In 1823 and 1824 he was employed in the Cape Cavalry against the Kaffirs, and from 1854 to 1858 commanded a large field force in British Kaffraria. From 1860 to 1861 he was Commander of the Forces and Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. General Pringle Taylor married, July 12, 1827, Adelaide Frances, daughter of Colonel John Shedden, 15th Hussars, of Eford, Hants, and leaves one son and one daughter.

MAJOR COCKAYNE-CUST.

Major Henry Francis Cockayne-Cust, of Cockayne Hatley, Bedfordshire, High Sheriff, J.P., 1869, late M.P. for Grantham, died on the 5th inst., aged sixty-five. He was eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Cockayne-Cust, of Cockayne Hatley (second son of the first Lord Brownlow) by Lady Anna Maria, his wife, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Kilmorey. He was educated at Eton, and, adopting in early life the military profession, served with the 25th Regiment at the Cape of Good Hope and in India. He was at the Battle of Maharajapore in 1843, and afterwards exchanged into the 8th Hussars, acting for several years as A.D.C. at the Vice-Royal Court. In 1854, he retired from the Army, and undertook the management of Lord Brownlow's estates at Ellesmere and elsewhere in Shropshire. In 1874, he was returned, in the Conservative interest, for Grantham, but lost his seat at the last general election. He married, Aug. 5, 1852, Sara Jane, widow of Major Sidney Streetfield, and daughter of Mr. Isaac Cookson, of Meldon Park, Northumberland, by whom (who died Sept. 14, 1867) he leaves two sons and five daughters.

MR. CHARLES READE.

Mr. Charles Reade, the able and popular novelist, died on the 11th inst., aged seventy. He graduated at Oxford in 1835, became a Fellow of Magdalen College, and was called to the Bar in 1843. His chief works were "Peg Woffington" (published in 1853), "Christie Johnstone," "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," "Foul Play," and "Put Yourself in His Place." Mr. Charles Reade was also a dramatist, and produced several successful plays.

MR. H. J. BYRON.

Mr. Henry James Byron, the dramatist, died on the 11th inst., at his residence at Clapham. He was born in 1835, the eldest son of Mr. Henry Byron, Consul at Hayti, by Elizabeth Josephine, his first wife, only daughter of Dr. J. Byron Bradley, and was grandson of the Rev. Henry Byron, Rector of Muston, Leicestershire, whose father, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, was grand-uncle of Lord Byron, the poet. Mr. H. J. Byron, who long occupied a high place among dramatists and burlesque writers of his day, is especially known by his clever and most popular comedy of "Our Boys," which was acted for more than 1100 consecutive nights. He also published a novel, "Paid in Full," and was the first editor of *Fion*. Mr. Byron married, first, Martha, daughter of Mr. John Foulkes, of Ashford; and secondly, Eleanor Mary, daughter of Mr. Edward Joy, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Duke of Buccleuch on the 16th inst., and the Bishop of Ripon on the 15th. Their memoirs will be given next week. General Sir George Buller, G.C.B., on the 12th inst. His memoir is also deferred until next week.

Colonel the Hon. Adolphus Frederick Cathcart, J.P., fourth son of William Schaw, first Earl Cathcart, on the 30th ult., aged eighty-one.

Mr. William Hamilton Williamson, for some time Master of the Durham County Hounds, second son of Sir Hedworth Williamson, sixth Baronet, on the 2nd inst., at Bentham Hill, Tunbridge Wells, aged eighty-three.

The Rev. John Fuller Russell, F.S.A., Rector of Greenhithe, Kent, Editor of "The Juvenile Englishman's Historical Library," and author of "Sermons for Saints' Days," &c., on the 6th inst., aged seventy.

The Hon. Robert Grimston, third son of the first Earl of Verulam, by Lady Charlotte Jenkinson, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Liverpool, on the 7th inst., at Gorhambury, aged sixty-seven.

Emily-Frances, Lady Brougham and Vaux, wife of the present Lord Brougham and Vaux, and daughter of Sir Charles William Taylor, Bart., of Hollycombe, Sussex, on the 8th inst., at 21, Berkeley-square.

The Hon. Charles William Stafford-Jerningham, fourth son of the eighth Lord Stafford, by Frances Henrietta, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. Edward Sulyarde, of Haughley Park, Suffolk, on the 4th inst.

Lady Elizabeth Hamilton Dalrymple, eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Stair, by Margaret, his first wife, daughter of Mr. James Penny, of Arrad, Lancashire; at her brother's seat, Oxenford Castle, in the county of Edinburgh, on the 10th inst., aged sixty-six.

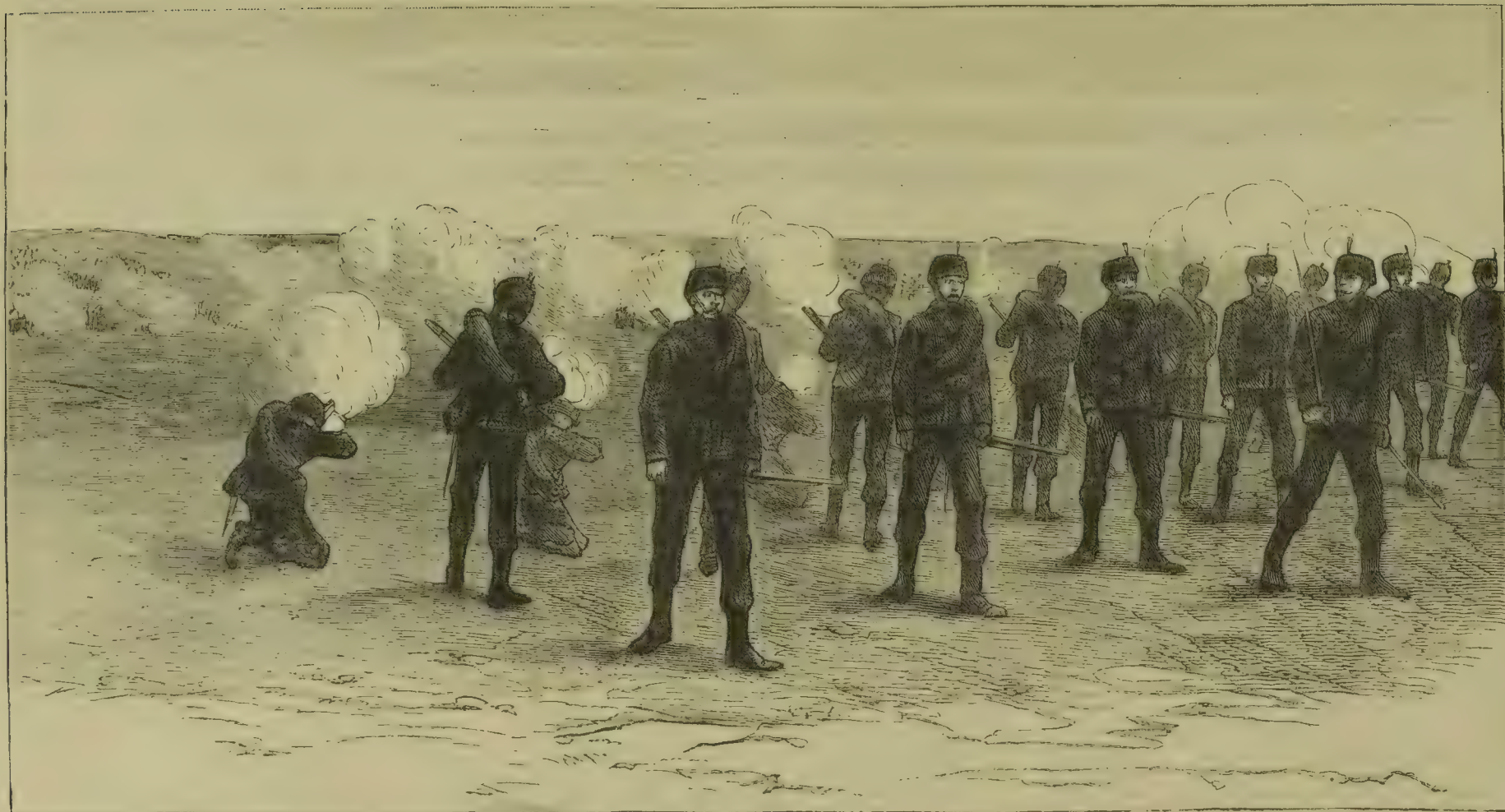
The Rev. Charles Badham, D.D., Professor of Classics in the University of Sydney, son of the late Charles Badham, F.R.S., Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Glasgow, by Margaret Campbell, his wife, cousin of Campbell the poet, on Feb. 27, in his seventy-first year.

Mr. William John Payne, the Coroner for the City of London and Southwark, suddenly, at his residence, Fonthill, Reigate, on the 13th inst. The deceased, who was a member of the Midland Circuit, held the offices of Steward of Southwark, Judge of the Southwark Court of Record, and Recorder of Buckingham.

Mr. Henry Rumsey Forster, on the 8th inst., at his residence, Fernleigh, Harlesden, after a protracted illness. He was well known in connection with the London Press, more especially with the *Morning Post*, with which he was associated for many years. No man was ever more ready to do a kindly action or to help a friend.

Mr. Spencer James Steers, of Halewood, in the county of Lancaster, J.P., M.A. Cantab, on the 23rd ult., in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was the eldest son of Spencer Steers, by Margaret Daltera, and descended from Thomas Steers, who was engineer of the first Liverpool docks, and Mayor of Liverpool, 1755. This gentleman came originally from Kent, and married Ann, seventh child of Richard Gildart, M.P., and Ann Johnson, his wife, who was coheir of Sir Thomas Johnson, M.P. for Liverpool from 1701 to 1722. From this time the family of Steers may be said to have settled in Lancashire, and with the death of Mr. S. J. Steers is extinct as regards the male line, but is represented by the children of his sister, Ann Jane, who married Mr. William Peel, of Accrington, in the county of Lancaster.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.



SKIRMISHERS RETIRING.

The military manœuvres and sham fight performed by the Metropolitan and Home Counties Volunteer Corps on Easter Monday were successfully accomplished. The principal field of action was on the Portsdown ridge of hills, rising above Portsmouth and extending to the east above Porchester, Cosham, and Hilsea, where a line of forts, named Fort Nelson, Fort Southwick, Fort Widley, and Fort Purbrook, crown the heights overlooking the shores of a large inlet of the sea. The Volunteer forces, assisted by some regular troops, were divided so as to represent two opposing armies, which were named, respectively, the Northern and the Western forces. The first was commanded by General White, from the Eastern District; the second by General the Hon. R. Monck, who commands at Chatham. White's force was composed of two divisions, the first under Major-General the Hon. W. Fielding, the second under Major-General Gipps. Monck's consisted of

only one division, commanded by Colonel Clive, of the Grenadier Guards; but this side included also the defenders of Hilsea, a brigade of three regiments, under the command of Sir Francis Festing, of the Royal Marine Artillery. The strength of the opposing forces was not very disproportionate. Each had five brigades, while the numbers, taken roundly, were ten thousand of the Northern Army as compared with nine thousand of the Western; but the latter included two brigades of regular troops, one in Hilsea, the other coming from Gosport. The Northern Army had some heavy guns, the six forty-pounders belonging to Colonel Tester's Sussex Artillery Volunteers, commanded and supervised by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the Royal Artillery. The Western force, on the contrary, was without artillery, but General Monck had with him the two Nordenföldt machine guns belonging to the Central London Rangers. Finally, both armies possessed small bodies

of cavalry; with the Northern force were the Middlesex Yeomanry, and with the Western the Hampshire Yeomanry, and a small force of mounted riflemen belonging to the Victoria Rifles.

The supposed object of General Monck, with the Western Army, was the relief and reinforcement of the Hilsea garrison; while the Northern was to manœuvre to prevent it. For this purpose the latter had advanced from Guildford just as the former had been thrown forward from Salisbury, where the invaders were supposed to be in great strength. The forts on Portsdown were deemed to be non-existent, while it was not supposed that Hilsea was in connection with Portsmouth, or had the command of the sea. The execution of these ideas necessarily obliged both sides to assume the offensive. Accordingly, General White, commanding the Northern force, moved along in the hollow behind the Portsdown hills,



THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF.



THE 35TH REGIMENT (ROYAL SUSSEX) AT ASSIOUT, UPPER EGYPT.



1. The Auditorium. 2. The New Crush-Room. 3. New Corridor.
IMPROVEMENTS AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

from Purbrook westward, having sent his guns along the northern slope of these hills to protect his left flank. General Monck, on the other hand, commanding the Western Force, advanced from Fareham towards Hilsea, by way of Wymering and Cosham, in the low-lying land south of Portsdown ridge. The two opposing forces came into action near the chalk cutting on the side of the hill above Cosham, the advance of General Monck along that road not having been anticipated by General White. It was effectively supported, moreover, by the Hilsea garrison rallying forth to join in the attack on General White's left flank. There was some sharp fighting at the chalk-pits, around Pigeon-House Farm, and at Widley Walk. The Second Division of the Northern Force, including the brigades commanded by Lord Bury, was soon hotly engaged, as well as Colonel Fitzroy's brigade, which was in advance, with the First Division. On the other side were the brigades of Volunteers under Colonel Moncrieff, Lord Ranelagh, and Colonel Panter, and the one of regular troops under Colonel Meade. The battle extended about four miles, from Cosham to the woods of Southwick Park, and the Western Force were able to occupy and hold all the villages south of Portsdown, thereby securing the opportunity of relieving Hilsea, which was the object in view.

After the fight, the whole of the Volunteer troops went to the review-ground on the north side of the hill, half-way between Fort Widley and Fort Southwick, to march past the Duke of Cambridge, and to be inspected by his Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. They made a very creditable and soldierly appearance. Having been dismissed from the field, most of them returned by train to London.

At Dover, on the same day, there was a considerable gathering of Volunteers from London, Kent, and Surrey, under the command of Major-General Sir E. Newdigate. They went through a series of manoeuvres, representing the attack and defence of the neighbouring forts. The attacking force consisted of the column which Colonel Davies, of the Grenadier Guards, marched down from London on Good Friday, fighting two well-contested actions, one just beyond Canterbury, the other on Barham Downs. His force consisted of the 3rd, 5th, 9th, 21st, and 24th Middlesex; the 1st Surrey, the 2nd West Kent, the London Rifle Brigade, and the 3rd London Volunteers, the 2nd Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment of Regulars, with the dépôts of the 10th Hussars and the 7th Dragoons, the Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers, 482 men and six forty-pounder guns, and the 3rd Kent Artillery Volunteers, with eight twenty-pounder guns. The defending force, under Major-General W. H. Goodenough, was composed of the 4th West Surrey, the 1st East Kent, the 2nd Tower Hamlets, the 1st Royal Fusiliers, the 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade, the 4th Essex Volunteer Infantry, to which were attached 374 of the 1st Kent Volunteer Garrison Artillery, and 600 of the 1st City of London Volunteer Garrison Artillery, acting partly as infantry and partly manning the guns of Fort Burgoyne, and of an unfinished but armed redoubt on the Deal road. In addition, the defence was strengthened by the Royal Irish Rifles, L and T Batteries 1st Brigade of the Royal Artillery, and a fine squadron of the East Kent Yeomanry. The scene of operations was an area of country about two miles in length, extending from the Deal road between Fort Burgoyne and the new redoubt north of it, in a north-westerly direction for something over two miles to the old road from Ewell to Sandwich.

At Aldershot, under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, a large number of the Volunteers, with the troops of the Aldershot garrison, including the 2nd Dragoon Guards, the Queen's Bays, the 1st Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 2nd Battalion of the 42nd Highlanders, the 3rd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and other regiments, performed the manoeuvres of a sham fight, being divided into opposing forces under Major-General Fraser and Major-General Lyons. They were afterwards reviewed by Sir A. Alison on Rimping Down.

At Sheerness, the 2nd Kent Artillery Volunteers, occupying the Garrison Point Fort, went through a day's practice at the batteries under command of Colonel Hughes, and were put through various infantry evolutions. The 3rd Middlesex Artillery has to occupy Tilbury Fort, while the City of London Artillery, formerly the 1st Surrey, is stationed at the Isle of Grain Fort, but was engaged on Monday in the combined Volunteer manoeuvres at Dover.

We present two sketches of the action on the Portsdown hills, the General of one of the opposed forces with his staff, and some of the skirmishers, retiring in the front, with a series of illustrations of the Ambulance Corps which marched down with the Northern force from London.

THE BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT.

The progress of the revolt in the Soudan, during the past six months, has caused the British military authorities engaged in protecting the tranquillity of Egypt to make arrangements for guarding the Upper Nile by outposts which may ultimately be extended to Wady Halfa, near the Second Cataract, beyond the Nubian frontier. The base of this line of military posts will be at the town of Assiout, the present terminus of the railway from Cairo, and distant from the capital above 200 miles. Here is now stationed the 35th (Royal Sussex) regiment occupying a camp formed at Mangabat, four miles from the town. We are indebted to a medical officer of that regiment for a sketch of the assembly of the troops outside the town on the 24th ult., when they marched thither from camp and back again, rather to show the force to the inhabitants of Assiout than with any particular movement in view. The natives did not betray much surprise or curiosity, but a few of them came out to look at the troops during the half hour while the regiment halted beneath some palm-trees near the town wall. Assiout, Es-Siout, or Siout, as the name is differently written, is the chief place of Upper Egypt, and its situation upon the Nile, near the entrance to the great canal of the Bahr Yusuf, which extends westward into the fertile district of the Fayoum, is favourable to internal trade. Some of the houses are solidly built of brick, and there are two handsome mosques, adorned with elegant minarets. The population is reckoned at 35,000, and the bazaars are generally full of bustle, while many artificers are employed in the local manufactures, one of which is that of the red clay pipe-bowls well known to smokers throughout Eastern lands. The river-port of Assiout is the village of El Hamra. The country around, having the benefit of abundant irrigation, presents a delightful aspect of luxuriant verdure, and produces large crops of grain, beans, and fodder for cattle. The canal embankments are planted with trees for a considerable distance.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Gold continues to flow from New York, but as the American market is still strong, no excitement is caused on that side, while here the effect is that money gets more and more difficult to employ. Acceptable securities consequently advance in value, and there is now a pretty general inquiry, speculators desiring to anticipate the public inclinations. Fine weather and a late Easter help English Railway stocks, and only the American market remains weak. In that case, prices further recede almost daily. The most remarkable recent depreciation has, however, been in Mexican Railway stock, the fresh inducement to selling being the announcement by Mr. Crawford of his retirement from the board. Mr. Crawford's age and condition of health justify his decision, more particularly in view of the difficult task of at future meetings appeasing shareholders whose property has in recent months declined to the extent of about two thirds, on grounds which they have practically been enjoined to despise.

The report, balance-sheet, and other documents, which the Grand Trunk Railway Company issued in anticipation of the meeting next Tuesday, are more than usually interesting to the more than 20,000 holders of that company's stocks. The dividend result of the half-year's working has already been announced to enable 1½ per cent to be paid on the third preference stock for the year 1883, the ordinary stock getting nothing. The Consolidation Act of 1881 is recommended for immediate adoption. Not only does the passing of that measure set at rest all doubts as to the legality of fusion with the Great Western of Canada, but it expressly authorises the consolidation of the stocks beyond further identification. All contingent rights are to be converted into ordinary stock, and an elaborate statement shows that all holders of the present ordinary stock will gain in dividend position by this change. Nothing is said in the report of the traffic prospects for the current year, or of the relations of the company with the Canadian Pacific, but at the meeting Sir Henry Tyler will no doubt say all that is prudent under both these important heads. From Canadian sources we know that the Grand Trunk officials are preparing for a more or less permanent diminution of business. The staff is being reduced and wages lowered in all departments; while as regards the Canadian Pacific, negotiations to sell the North Shore Line of 219 miles to that company are officially declared to be practically concluded. All such arrangements will no doubt help the shareholders to pull through a bad time with the least possible suffering.

The experience of the unfortunate shareholders of the

Cunard Steam-Ship Company suggests the unwisdom of putting trust in merchant princes. In 1878 the firm of that name turned its business into a limited company, and, high as the partners themselves stood, the company was further commended to the notice of investors by members of the very highest merchant and banking firms joining the board. The shares were eagerly taken up on their being publicly offered in 1880, the vendors guaranteeing that the dividend for that year should be 6 per cent, and that the year 1881 should begin with a reserve fund of £100,000. Under these personal and financial considerations the market value of the shares rose to 20 per cent premium. They are now scarcely better than 50 per cent discount. The guaranteed dividend of 6 per cent was paid for 1880, and in 1881 and 1882 3 and 4 per cent rates were respectively paid; but there has been no dividend for 1883, and only £1270 is carried forward to the credit of 1884. New capital requirements, to the extent of £250,000, have been met by an issue of debentures. There is, however, no reason to suppose that this adversity was foreseen, or could have been averted, and it appears that the only hope of amended rates for freights is in the exhaustion of competitors—a culmination thought to be not far off.

T. S.

THE CHURCH.

Sir George Elliott, M.P., has given a site and £2000 for a new church on the West Cliff at Whitby.

The first of the special evening services in the nave of Westminster Abbey for this season will take place next Sunday, when the pulpit will be occupied by Archdeacon Farrar.

The parish church of Wadsley, near Sheffield, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday. The outbreak took place while a marriage ceremony was being performed.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has conferred the honorary canonry in Gloucester Cathedral, vacant by the death of Canon Estcourt, on the Rev. Charles James Parker, Principal of Gloucester Theological College.

A crowded and somewhat tempestuous meeting of the parishioners of St. James's, Hatcham, was held on Tuesday, when Mr. Thorman, an anti-Ritualist, was re-elected the people's churchwarden by a large majority.

The Rev. Dr. William Kay, Chaplain to the Bishop of St. Alban's, has been appointed to preach the sermon at the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Stubbs as Bishop of Chester, in York Minster, on the 25th inst.

The arrangements for holding the Synod in the chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral are completed. The synod takes place on the 22nd and 23rd inst., the Bishop presiding, for the discussion of various church questions, and it is expected that fully 300 of the leading clergy and laity of the diocese will be present.—A choral festival, in which 2800 voices, representing 140 parishes of Wilts and Dorset, are to take part, has been fixed to be held in Salisbury Cathedral in May next. Dr. Stainer has composed a Te Deum and a Benedictus for the occasion. There are to be 1500 surprised singers.

The west window of Fenny Stratford church has been filled with stained glass, executed by Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, as a memorial to the late Vicar, the Rev. G. W. Corker.—A painted window, in memory of the Rev. R. Buller, for fifty-three years Rector, and of Elizabeth, his wife (a gift to the church by their eight children), has been completed for the church of Lanreath, in Cornwall, by Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street.—A three-light Munich stained-glass window has been placed in St. Mary's Church, Arbroath, to the memory of the late Mrs. Durno, wife of the present Incumbent. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The Rev. Sydney Linton, the Bishop-Designate of the new diocese of Riverina, who is to be consecrated, with Dr. Ridding, on May 1, at St. Paul's Cathedral, has replied to some friends and neighbours at Norwich anxious to give him a parting present that he would prefer their subscribing to the diocesan fund which he is raising to purchase land which shall furnish stipends for the clergy; for aiding self-help in erecting churches; and for building residences for the Bishop and clergy. He states in a circular he has issued that the new diocese is taken from the western portion of those of Goulburn and Bathurst, within an area of 340 and 280 miles; and it is called Riverina because the great rivers Murray and Darling flow through it. The leading landowners are Presbyterians, but most of the emigrants are Church people. The Hon. John Campbell, member of the Legislative Council of Sydney, has given £10,000 towards the Bishop's income, and the Colonial Bishops Fund and S.P.C.K. have each given £2000.

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1. Zeeland Peasants on Sea-Downs near Flushing.

2. Peasant Woman crossing a Channel at Broek.

3. A "Marken" Child.

4. Milk-Market at Amsterdam.

5. Girl of Scheveningen.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: DUTCH FOLK.

"Homely and outlandish" would seem a contradiction in terms, but such is the mixed impression of Dutch rustic scenery and costume to the eyes of an English tourist. The native "folk," indeed, at least the peasantry of the North Sea coast and the shores of the Zuyder Zee, of the "polders" and the "Waterland," feel perfectly at home in their antiquated habits, and the comparatively rare appearance of a foreign visitor is rather outlandish to them. Our Artist furnishes a second page of Sketches of their quaint, but smug, robust, and comfortable aspect, the attire of the women and children being more remarkable for national peculiarity than that of the men. On the edge of the sea-downs, properly "dunes" or banks of blown sand, which protect the low-lying country from the ocean waves, stands a family party, with one or two neighbours, watching the approach of a ship, perhaps bringing home an expected friend. The younger women are pretty, with the round figure and ruddy bloom of health; the little girl is dressed exactly like her elders, with bright-coloured striped petticoats of ample width, blue skirt, black bodice, clean white neckerchief and high collar, and what we call a Kitty bonnet of stiff buckram. A Dutch female, whenever her industrious hands chance not to be busy, invariably either folds her arms, in an unconscious mood, or sticks them gracefully akimbo, if she be of a coquettish disposition. They are as good souls as any in Europe, wives, mothers, and daughters unwearied in every domestic duty. The father is a smoker, of course, and may as likely be seen with a huge cigar, which is cheap in Holland, stuck in a curved wooden holder six inches long, as with one of their curious pipes. The moist rawness of the climate makes this custom, among those who are much out of doors, to be considered salubrious and praiseworthy, while it certainly does not render the Dutchman lazy, or interfere with his sharpness as a man of business. Mynheer van Klaes, of Rotterdam, who died at the great age of ninety-eight, was estimated to have consumed, in his long life-time, above 10,000 lb. avoirdupois weight of tobacco. By his last will and testament he invited all the smokers in Holland to attend his funeral, giving two pipes and ten pounds of Kanaster to each man; they were bound to smoke incessantly during the mournful ceremony, and to cast the ashes from their pipes on his coffin as it lay in the grave. His faithful cook, whose name was Gertrude, smoked her cigarette in company with the male procession; and her master had taken care to order his own pipe and tobacco, and a box of matches, to be laid by his side, "because," as he cautiously observed, "no one knows what may happen." This Mynheer was a rich merchant of the Netherlands East India Company; the people whom our Artist has delineated are of the simple labouring classes. Yonder is a sturdy boat-woman of the Waterland pulling a pair of sculls, as she sits in the prow of a laden barge, with a heavy load of farm produce stowed far aft, to cross a broad creek or channel. At Scheveningen, on the seacoast not far from the Hague, there are boarding-houses and furnished lodgings in the ordinary style for visitors to that agreeable place of marine recreation; but the maiden who waits at table preserves the simplicity of her native village. Marken, a small island of the Zuyder Zee, is famed for the primitive manners of its inhabitants, who number about one thousand, living entirely by the local fishery, and associate little with those on the mainland. The dress of the women and girls of Marken, worn on holiday occasions, is profusely ornamented with embroidery of domestic manufacture, covering the sleeves and apron, while from under the cap, which quite hides the ears, fall two long tresses of braided hair, on each side of the bosom. Medals or coins, instead of buttons, adorn the jackets of the men in their festive attire, but they lead a laborious life, and have not much altered in the past six hundred years. A scene in the milk-market at Amsterdam ends this series of sketches of Dutch folk, but does not require any farther comment.

THE VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CORPS.

The march of the five columns of London volunteers to Portsmouth, in the latter days of last week, to take part in the manoeuvres on Easter Monday, was accompanied by the Ambulance Corps, of which we present some Illustrations. On Good Friday, in accordance with the programme already published, the force under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Routledge engaged in a smart conflict near Petersfield with the escort of a convoy of provisions which was on the road from that place, as was supposed, to supply the hostile garrison of Portsmouth. After this brief action, which was quite successful, the men of the victorious Northern force had to perform the sad duty of transporting to the ambulance those who had been wounded in the affair. Dr. Platt, of the 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers, was in charge of the dressing station, and his mode of proceeding was as follows:—Several tickets, on each of which was written the nature of the injury, were distributed, and the men receiving them told to lie down on stretchers. Parties of four men each were then sent over the supposed field of battle to search for and bring in the wounded. On coming to a man lying down they looked at his ticket and applied at once a temporary dressing, and then either assisted him to walk to the ambulance waggon or carried him there on a stretcher. One man, for instance, was suffering from scalp wound. His head was bandaged, and two men supported him as he walked to the dressing station. In another instance a man was supposed to have had his thigh shattered; his own rifle was utilised as a splint, and the man was placed on a stretcher and taken to the surgeon, one of the bearers carrying his accoutrements. The stretcher bearers showed that they had been well trained, so quietly and quickly did they perform their work, so gently did they lift the stretcher into the ambulance after the patient had been examined by the doctor. The ambulance waggon was then supposed to take the man to the field hospital, with his arms and accoutrements and a memorandum from the doctor, stating what was his wound and what treatment he had received. There was no laughing or joking, as might have been expected, on the part of the patients; indeed, they seemed much impressed, and, through the force of imagination, to be seized by the belief that they were really wounded. Our Illustrations will help to explain the above interesting practice.

Application for tickets for the reserved portion of the choir at St. Paul's Cathedral to witness the Consecration of Bishops on May 1 should be made to the Rev. Dr. Ridding and the Rev. Dr. Linton, and not to the Dean and Canons.

At a meeting of the Judges held last week at the Royal Courts of Justice, a letter was read from the Lord Chancellor respecting the advisability of doing away with the posts of Judges' Marshals, officers who are appointed by the respective Judges of Assize to attend them round the circuits.

In response to a memorial forwarded to Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., the Prime Minister has made a grant of £150 out of the Royal Bounty Fund to the fund which is being raised for the widow and children of the late Rev. Dr. Hugh Jones, Principal of the Baptist College, Llangollen.

ENGLAND VIEWED BY FOREIGNERS.

The enormous and ever-increasing growth of great cities has not yet destroyed the rural life of England. There are hundreds of villages in the island as retired and beautiful as the Berkshire village so lovingly described by Miss Mitford; there are scores of country parishes which have as much interest and charm as White's Selborne for men who know how to observe and to enjoy. There is probably no part of the globe which contains so much variety within so narrow a space; there is no European country, and we do not even except Greece, which has so many spots lying in comparatively close neighbourhood to each other, famous in history and song, or distinguished for beauty of scenery.

It is possible to belong by birth to England, and yet to be comparatively ignorant of the sources of England's greatness; and it is possible to spend the best part of one's life in the island, knowing little of the character of the people and even less of the natural beauty which has always excited the admiration of foreigners. Not that in these travelling days we fail to go where the railroads undertake to carry us. Inland and seaside watering-places are generally familiar, so are the large provincial towns, and what may be called the beaten tracks of travel are well frequented by tourists every autumn. But it is not by following these tracks or by loitering at fashionable watering-places that we become familiar with the country. What does the visitor to Scarborough, Ilfracombe, and Brighton know of Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Sussex? What does he know of Wales who has simply visited some of its popular resorts? What of Scotland from a hasty tour by railroad, coach, and steamer? Good health and lively spirits will make such excursions agreeable enough. Much physical enjoyment is often gained by them; but it is not by such tours and by the information gleaned on the road, from "Murray" or "Black" that a traveller comes to know the country. He must follow another course altogether, a more homely course it may be, but one which in the end gives, we venture to say, greater satisfaction and delight. It is better to know fifty miles of England thoroughly than five hundred superficially; and to get into the heart of the country the railroad should be employed only in emergencies, and the tourist should be content to follow by-ways on horseback or on foot. The process may be a slow one, but it is sure, and the happy results it will yield may be seen in such volumes as Dorothy Wordsworth's "Recollections of a Tour in Scotland," and Mr. Jennings's "Rambles Among the Hills."

Travelling, no matter on how limited a scale, demands much previous knowledge. The keenest observation, and the quickest sensibility to impressions, will not avail without it. We must know what other men have said, not in order blindly to accept their statements, but that we may make the best use of our own eyes. Books about English scenery and character written by foreigners have, on this account, a special interest. If not more impartial in judgment than our own authors, they see things from a different standing point. In M. Taine's Notes on England there is much extravagance, for he came to this country with theories and discovered facts to fit them; but the book, notwithstanding, is full of suggestiveness and observation. In London he sees much to find fault with in the streets and public buildings, and if he objects to our taste it is not wholly without reason, since within a decade or two we have destroyed the portico of Burlington House, "one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe," and by the substitution of a monster hotel for Northumberland House have done our utmost to injure the most famous site in London. But if M. Taine dislikes our public buildings, and especially our statues begrimed with soot, he admits that we understand admirably what he calls "the architecture of trees, of grass, and of flowers." "These people," he says, "love the country in their hearts," and he delights in pointing out how beautiful this English country is. He admires, too, our freedom and the absence of official restraint, our frankness and sincerity, our large hospitality, of which he cannot speak without gratitude, and our strong sense of duty. And if Englishwomen do not know how to dress—and what Frenchmen ever admitted that they do?—it is consolatory to be told that "generally an Englishwoman is more thoroughly beautiful and healthy than a Frenchwoman." The utterance of such a sentiment allows us to part from M. Taine with a very friendly feeling.

An estimate of England by another Frenchman is to be found in "John Bull et son Ile," a volume with some good sense and much exaggeration. M. Max O'Rell, the author, claims to know something about us, for he has lived in England ten years, but his ignorance is at least as conspicuous as his knowledge. He has discovered that English husbands do not generally love their wives, and that English women are seldom good-looking after thirty. M. O'Rell sneers at what most Englishmen revere, and probably does not know that the tone of his remarks on serious subjects will be likely to disgust people who do not call themselves serious. The little volume is not without many true although unpalatable statements; but it is, perhaps, chiefly notable for the absurdity of its caricatures. His advice about walking in London, and especially in the parks, is exquisitely ridiculous. "No Englishman," he observes, "should go into the parks, even in broad daylight, who values his honour." The streets of London are said to be infested with beggars, and the drunkenness in the streets is "indescribable." He maintains "that a London shopkeeper would consider himself dishonoured if he did not give false weight; that a railway booking clerk would go and hang himself if he could not rob you of a shilling out of the change of a sovereign;" and that "an omnibus-conductor would not keep to his occupation a month if he could not double his wages by cheating the company or the passengers." The arrangements said to be common in this country with reference to marriage will be new to Englishmen. The first wedding present, we are told, that an English mamma gives a married daughter is a pair of scales. "A son writes to his parents 'I am about to be married,' or I am married. 'We are glad to hear it,' answers the parents; 'we shall be happy to make the acquaintance of your wife.'" There are shams in England which the writer treats with the sarcasm they deserve; on the other hand, like M. Taine, he does justice to our enterprise and pluck, to the freedom of our institutions, to the healthiness and moral wholesomeness of public school life, and to the capacity our boys and girls show for taking care of themselves. Everything, he observes, in an English education tends to make young people self-reliant. On the whole, there is a good deal to be learnt from M. O'Rell's little book, and much in it besides that will supply legitimate food for laughter. And a writer who makes us laugh, whether with him or at him, is generally welcome. We should add that his fault-finding is always made with good humour, and that his praise sometimes carries with it the charm of enthusiasm. It is but fair to remember, too, when reading extravagant statements like some of those which we have quoted, that the author is fond of irony, and probably does not intend his exaggerations and comical inventions to be accepted as literal truth.

A third Frenchman has also recently published his judgment of this country. *Public Life in England*, by Philippe Daryl; translated by Henry Frith, and revised by the author

(Routledge and Sons), is a work of a different character from "John Bull et son Ile": far less amusing, indeed, but more solid, and full of useful information. With great good sense—considering the point of view, which is that of a French Republican—M. Daryl describes the virtues and anomalies of the English Constitution; and his chapters on the Queen, the Army and Navy, and the Law Courts deserve attention none the less because they will arouse dissent. In our opinion, the portion of the volume which treats of books, of periodical literature, and of the theatre is the most interesting. We do not know that these chapters contain facts new to intelligent readers, but their attraction will be found in the comparisons drawn between the literature and stage of England and the position of the theatre and press in M. Daryl's own country. He observes that people read in England more than in any other part of the world, and rejoices that English books are generally fit to be read. He describes the extraordinary energy displayed in the production of our newspapers and the deeds of newspaper correspondents, some of which are said to resemble the exploits that have contributed to the success of Barnum. On the whole, when treating of this theme, the author blames slightly and praises heartily. He notes our freedom from the personalities and acrimony of tone observable in the French press, and believes—let us hope correctly—that the mania for interviewing, so rampant in America, will never take root in England. Of the English theatre M. Daryl has little to say that is encouraging, and one is forced to admit that some at least of his arguments cannot be disputed. But this is not the place to criticise a book which merits an elaborate review. Enough to say that we are grateful to M. Daryl for a picture of ourselves which is drawn with abundant skill and also with impartiality.

Still more interesting than the judgment passed on England by Frenchmen and Germans are the impressions formed by Americans; and there are few books of the kind more valuable than the "English Traits" of Emerson and the "English Note-Books" of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of which new editions have been recently published. Here are two men of great genius and intellectual power, one of whom lived in the country for several years; while the other, as shrewd an observer as Carlyle, paid us more than one visit. Emerson would not, we think, like Hawthorne, have called England "Our Old Home," for we question whether he loved the country so well; but he writes generally of what he saw and heard with singular fairness. Generally, but not always; for Emerson, like smaller men, has his prejudices, and there are some traits which form the character of Englishmen which he seems incapable of understanding. But he gives us credit for many manly qualities, and observes that "if there be one test of national genius universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe for the last millennium, that country is England." Our mode of civilisation is, he says, being imitated everywhere, and "the American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions." One short passage we must quote, for it is just now of pregnant interest:—

England is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world. The sea which, according to Virgil's famous line, divided the poor Britons utterly from the world proved to be the ring of marriage with all nations. It is not down in the books, it is written only in the geological strata, that fortunate day when a wave of the German Ocean burst the old isthmus which joined Kent and Cornwall to France, and gave to this fragment of Europe its impregnable sea wall . . . a territory large enough for independence, enriched with every seed of national power, so near that it can see the harvests of the Continent; and so far that who would cross the Strait must be an expert mariner ready for tempests.

Emerson has a lurking sneer, as becomes a philosopher, at some of our robust virtues; but he is an honest chronicler, and recognises the energy that has given us a first place among the nations. In politics and war, he says, we hold together as by hooks of steel; he finds the Englishman "to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes," and observes that this island "has yielded more able men in five hundred years than any other nation."

And now open the two handsome volumes containing Hawthorne's impressions of the country, and say whether they do not, as his biographer affirms, contain more charming and affectionate things than have ever before been written about a country not the writer's own? In "Our Old Home," and then in the Note-Books published after Hawthorne's death, we have such pictures of England as we look in vain for elsewhere. He dwells, indeed, less on the character of the people, though that by no means escapes him, than on the beauty of the land, and on the things of fame with which it is so liberally covered. Master though he be of English, he scarcely knows how to express his delight at our cathedrals, and at the many signs of hoar antiquity which link so lovingly the past with the present. "There are loftier scenes," he writes, "in many countries than the best that England can show; but for the picturesqueness of the smallest object that lies under its gentle gloom and sunshine, there is no scenery like it anywhere." Even a stone wall, "such as in America would keep itself bare and unsympathising till the end of time, becomes in England a thing of beauty, with its sprigs of ivy and tufts of grass, roots, and soft moss spreading along the top. And in these apparently aimless or sportive touches we recognise that the beneficent Creator of all things, working through his hand-maiden whom we call Nature, has designed to mingle a charm of divine gracefulness even with so earthly an institution as a boundary-fence. The clown who wrought at it little dreamed what fellow-labourer he had." It is delightful to follow Hawthorne's footsteps as he wanders from place to place, finding the most beauty in spots which are the least lionised. "It is wearisome," he writes, and many a reader will have shared the feeling, "to go the rounds of what everybody thinks it necessary to see. It makes me a little ashamed. It is somewhat as if we were drinking out of the same glass and eating from the same dish as a multitude of other people."

So he likes to ramble as he pleases, not asking many questions, but noting all he sees curiously and silently. And his remarks, full as they are of glowing enthusiasm, deserve to be read by everyone. He is never weary of praising "the rich verdure of England," the beauty of our village scenery, of our hedgerows, of our streams and meadows, and has even a kind word for the climate, saying that a fine day here is more beautiful than the fairest weather in Italy or America. It is but just to add that Hawthorne is too honest a critic and too faithful to his own country to praise England and Englishmen indiscriminately. On the whole, he loves the land better than the people; but one is at liberty to read between the lines of his Note-Books, and to guess what he might have said had he been born in Devonshire or Warwickshire instead of at Salem, Massachusetts. If there be any Englishman ignorant enough to suppose that Germany and France possess more objects of attraction than his own island, we recommend him to read what the most original of American writers has to say of

This little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

J. D.

Mr. J. J. Powell, Q.C., has been appointed to succeed Mr. Daniel as Judge of the Bradford County Court.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 7, 1883) of Mr. John Hyem Wolton, J.P., formerly a hop merchant in High-street, Borough, and late of "Woodlands," Peckham-rye, who died on Feb. 23 last, has just been proved by his sons, Arthur Wolton and Edward Hyem Wolton, the executors and trustees, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £630,000. The testator leaves an immediate legacy of £1000 to his widow; his horses and carriages to her absolutely; the furniture at his residence, with all pictures, prints, paintings, china, books, and other effects to her for life. He also gives her the use of his residence for life, or until she desires to give same up, in which case an allowance of £200 per annum is to be made to her for a residence. He likewise leaves her an annuity of £2500. Three several sums of £40,000 each are bequeathed for the benefit of each of his three daughters and their children—viz., Mrs. Emily Dunnet Collings, Mrs. Sophia King, and Mrs. Ella Elizabeth Harris. No marriage portions or gifts are to be deducted from the said sums; and there are several pecuniary legacies to relatives, friends, and clerks. The residue is given equally to his four sons, Arthur Wolton, Edward Hyem Wolton, Herbert Wolton, and John Hyem Wolton.

The will (dated April 3, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 7 following), of Mr. William Bird, J.P., and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, late of No. 32, Great Cumberland-place, who died on Jan. 23 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Bird, the widow, William Macdonald Bird and Edward Bird, the sons, and William Bevan, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £122,000. The testator leaves to his wife £1000, and his furniture, plate, pictures, wines, and household effects, with the exception of some plate, pictures, &c., specifically given to his children; he also leaves her his residence for life, or so long as she thinks fit; to his son William Macdonald, the silver service presented to him by the shareholders of the San Paulo Railway Company; to his son James, £300 per annum during the joint lives of himself and testator's wife; to his niece Harriet Matilda Bird, an annuity of £110; and to Sarah Ransome an annuity of £40. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the whole income to his wife for life; at her death he gives £7000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Gertrude Vigor, Mrs. Margaret Bevan, and Mrs. Ellen Wilson, their husbands and children; £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Mary Bird, the wife of his son Arthur, his said son and their children; £4000, upon trust, for George Bird, the husband of his late sister, for life, and then for his daughters; £14,000, upon trust, for each of his sons, James, William Macdonald, Walter, Edward, and George; and the ultimate residue to his said son, William Macdonald. The testator, after making some specific bequests to his daughter Mrs. Sarah Oxley, as a token of affection, mentions that he leaves her nothing further, as she is already amply provided for.

The will (dated June 10, 1879) of Mr. Thomas Hewitt, late of Grafton Lodge, Kilburn, Middlesex, who died on Feb. 28 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by William Hughes Hughes, J.P., of Highbury Quadrant, and Arthur Turner Hewitt, of No. 32, Nicholas-lane, E.C., solicitor, nephews of the deceased, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testator bequeaths his residence, Grafton Lodge, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Philadelphia Hewitt, until her decease or re-marriage, and on the happening of the first of the said events he gives the same to her niece, Mrs. Augusta Clara Vyvyan, together with a pecuniary legacy of £1000; and there are legacies of £2000 each to most of his nephews and nieces, legacies and annuities to his three sisters, and bequests to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife until her decease or re-marriage, and, subject thereto, for his nephews, William Hughes Hughes, Arthur Turner Hewitt, and Augustus Field, in equal shares.

The will, and four codicils of Mr. James Gingell, late of the Kent and Essex Yard, Whitechapel High-street, and of Wood House, East Ham, Essex, lay factor, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by William Henry Gingell, the son, Thomas Baddeley, the Rev. John Morley Lee, and James Alexander Cruickshank, the grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Friends School, Saffron Walden, and Ackworth School, Yorkshire, both belonging to the Society of Friends; also to the London Hospital, the Samaritan Institution in connection therewith; the Eastern Dispensary, Leman-street; the British and Foreign Bible Society, the British and Foreign School Society; the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park; and the Agricultural Society;—£50 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Moravian Missionary Society, the London City Mission, the Friends Foreign Mission, the Free Presbyterian Church Foreign Mission, and the Religious Tract Society;—and numerous legacies to grandchildren, sister, nephews, nieces, friends, clerks, servants, workmen, and others. He makes provision for his wife, daughters, and the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Cruickshank; and specifically devises various houses and lands to his sons and daughters. The residue of his property he gives to his said son, William Henry.

The will (dated March 16, 1874) of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn, C.B., C.S.I., late of No. 32, Eaton-place, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by the Hon. Pascoe Charles Glyn and the Hon. Sidney Carr Glyn, M.P., the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths his swords, watch, with the appendages, and medals to his eldest son, Henry Richard; his furniture, plate, and household effects to his eldest daughter, Rose Riversdale; and a legacy to his children's nurse. The residue of the personalty is to be held, upon trust, for all his children, other than an eldest son, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1883), with two codicils (dated Aug. 6 and Sept. 5), of Colonel John Rawdon Oldfield, R.E., formerly of Oldfield Lawn, Westbourne, Sussex, and late of Linden-road, Dorchester, who died on Nov. 22 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Henry John Oldfield, the nephew, Reginald Arden, Edgar Lucas, and Charles Frederick Arden, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator, after making bequests to relatives and others, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, to pay the income to two sisters, three nieces, and two other ladies; on the death of the first four of the annuitants the Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society in its Medical Department, take an interest during the life of the remaining annuitants in the income of his property; and on the death of the last annuitant he gives such part of the residue of his property as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes to the Endowed Grammar School at Dorchester, to establish ten scholarships of £20 each for boys from the National Elementary Schools, and the ultimate residue to his nephew, the said Henry John Oldfield.

CHESS.

W E T (New York).—The position is still under examination, and your request is noted.
J B (St. Andrew's).—The moment it is advanced to the eighth square, a promoted Pawn is at once invested with all the powers of whatever piece the player claims.
W A M (Ipswich).—There was at one time a very good chess club at Ipswich, but we do not know whether it is still in existence or not. Perhaps this note may elicit the information you require.
HERWARD (Oxford).—We are quite willing to accept your interpretation.
W E N (Finsbury).—When Black advances his P to Kt 5th, and the Kt is left en prise, his best move is to take the Kt, and defend the gambit with a piece ahead.
F H (Islington).—In the Indian problem, if you place the Black Pawn at Q Kt 2nd instead of Q Kt 3rd, the only solution is by way of 1. B to B square.
A S H (Brixton).—A memoir and portrait of the late Mr. Staunton appeared in the Illustrated London News some time after his death, in July, 1874.
W H and Others.—Your question shall be answered next week.
CONNECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. No. 2081 received from Jones Ock (Rangoon, British Burmah); of No. 2082 from W E Manby, E E Gibbons and George Price (Tidals); E J Posno (Haarlem), and Emile Frau; of No. 2083 from John Hué, Pilgrim, E J Posno (Haarlem), W E Manby, and Emile Frau; of No. 2084 from Arthur S Rutter, New Forest, Laura Greaves, P B Harrison, E J Posno (Haarlem), Hereward, Pilgrim, A Donthwaite (Houghton-le-Spring), Henry Bristow, C BN (H.M.S. Asia), and Hordede de Groot (Groningen).
CONNECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. No. 2080 received from H B G W Law, R L Southwell, Elsie, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, H Blacklock, A W Scrutton, M O Haloran, L Wyman, Thomas Waters, A M Porter, D W Kell, T H Holdron, H H Noyes, G Seymour, R Gray, Ben Nevis, R T Kemp, Aaron Harper, E Elsbury, G Huskisson, L L Greenaway, H Wardell, W Hillier, C W Milson, E Casella (Paris), C Darragh, W Warren, N S Harris, H K Andry, S Lowndes, L Falcon (Antwerp), Nerina, Jupiter Junior, A Karberg, (Hamburg), C Oswald, W Dewise, James Pilkington, W Hillier, A M Colborne, E Featherstone, Otto Fuder (Ghent), C S Cox, Joseph Ainsworth, F Ferris, A Wigmore, S Farrant, G L Mayne, R J Vines, N H Mullen, A C Hunt, H Lucas, J G Anstee, B R Wood, R Robinson, An Old Hand, and G S Oldfield.
NOTE.—In consequence of the Easter Holidays, only solutions received up to the 9th inst. are acknowledged in the present number.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2087.

The author's solution of this problem opens with 1. R to K B 3rd, leading to a very subtle combination of quiet moves. It can, however, be solved, as several correspondents have pointed out, by Queen checking, followed by Rook to K B 7th.

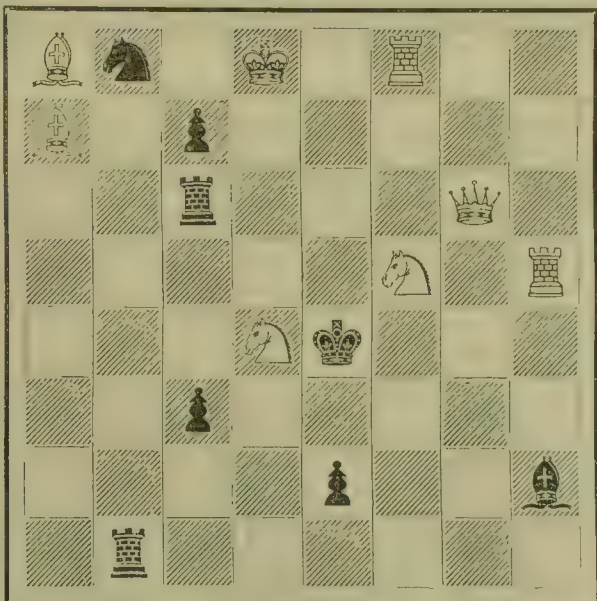
No. 2088.

WHITE. 1. B to Q Kt 3rd 2. Q to Q 6th (ch) 3. Q to K 6th. Mate.
BLACK. Kt to B 3rd, or 4th * K moves
* If Black play 1. K to Q 4th or 5th, White continues with 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch); if 1. P moves, or 1. Kt to Q 2nd, the continuation is 2. Q to K 7th; and if 1. Kt to Q B 3rd, then 2. Q to B 5th, mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2091.

By WILLIAM FINLAYSON (Florence).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played recently at Simp. on's Divan between Messrs. MACDONNELL and ENBOR.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. Kt to K B 3rd 4. P to B 3rd 5. B to K 2nd 6. B takes B 7. P to Q Kt 4th 8. P to Q R 4th 9. P to Kt 5th 10. P to B 3rd 11. P to B 5th 12. B takes K 13. P to Q 4th 14. K to K 2nd 15. Kt to Q 2nd 16. K to Q 3rd 17. Kt to B 4th 18. Q to K 2nd
BLACK (Mr. E.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to B 4th 3. P to Q 3rd 4. B to Kt 5th 5. B takes Kt 6. Kt to Q B 3rd 7. B to Kt 3rd 8. P to Q R 4th 9. Q Kt to K 2nd 10. Kt to Kt 3rd 11. Kt to B 5th 12. P takes Kt 13. Q to R 5th (ch) 14. Kt to B 3rd 15. Castles K 16. P to B 4th 17. B to B 2nd 18. K R to K sq
WHITE (Mr. M.) 19. P to Kt 3rd 20. P takes P 21. Q R to K Kt sq 22. P to Q 5th
BLACK (Mr. E.) P takes P Q takes Kt P Q to B 5th
22. P to Q 5th
* Tempting Black to capture the Q P with Knight, to which White can reply with 23. Q to K Kt 2nd, winning a piece.
23. Q to Kt 2nd 24. Q to R 2nd
R to K 2nd P to Kt 3rd
24. P takes P R takes Kt
25. P takes P (double ch), and Black resigned.

The following interesting Game was played by Herr HARRWITZ, during his last visit to London in 1877, yielding the odds of Q R to an AMATEUR.

(Remove White's Q R from the board.)

WHITE (Herr H.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. P to Q 4th 4. P to K 5th 5. Kt to K B 3rd 6. B to Q 3rd 7. B to K 2nd 8. P to Q B 3rd 9. Castles 10. P to K R 3rd
BLACK (Amatr.) 1. P to K 3rd 2. Kt to Q B 3rd 3. P to Q 4th 4. B to K 2nd 5. P to K R 3rd 6. Kt to Kt 5th 7. P to K B 4th 8. Kt to Q B 3rd 9. P to Kt 4th 10. P to Kt 5th
The advance of these Pawns is not well conceived. It tends to expose his King to the adverse party.
11. P takes P P takes P
12. Kt to R 2nd P to K R 4th
13. B to Q 3rd B to R 5th
14. B to Kt 6th (ch) K to Q 2nd
15. P to B 5th B to Kt 6th
16. Kt takes P P takes Kt
17. P takes P (ch) K takes P
18. Q takes P (ch). White mates in two more moves.

The chessplayers of the two Universities wound up their series of chess battes by an encounter with a team of Brighton amateurs, specially selected to oppose them, on the 12th inst., at the rooms of the City of London Club. Mr. Blackburne—who, we are glad to see, is on the fair road to health after his serious illness—officiated as umpire. The contest was opened at five o'clock in the evening, and, after four hours' play, the victory was carried by the united forces of Oxford and Cambridge. The following is the pairing of the players and their respective scores:—

| OXFORD. | | | | BRIGHTON. | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|---------------|-----|-----|----|
| Loock | ... | ... | ... | Butler | ... | ... | 1½ |
| Wainwright | ... | ... | ... | Mead | ... | ... | 1 |
| Walker | ... | ... | ... | Smith | ... | ... | ½ |
| Tracey | ... | ... | ... | Bowley | ... | ... | 1 |
| CAMBRIDGE. | | | | | | | |
| Morley | ... | ... | ... | Pierce, W. T. | ... | ... | 1½ |
| Küchler | ... | ... | ... | Cotes | ... | ... | ½ |
| Buncombe | ... | ... | ... | Lucas | ... | ... | 1 |
| Sherrard | ... | ... | ... | Pritchard | ... | ... | 0 |
| | | | | | | | 6 |

The return-match between Derby and Leicester was played at Leicester on Thursday evening last, in the committee-room of the handsome Municipal buildings, which was kindly placed at the disposal of the players by the Mayor, who was present and gave to the visitors a most courteous reception. The contending teams were in battle array 15.35, and, after a very peaceful warfare, continued until 10.15. The unfinished games were adjudicated upon by the captains, Messrs. Lewis and Phillips, when it was found that the visitors had been victorious in eight games and their opponents in five, while four were drawn. Additional interest was given to the proceedings by the hospitable entertainment given to the visitors by the Leicester players in the Mayor's ante-room. At the close of the match, Mr. Lewis, on behalf of the Leicester Club, in a happy speech, heartily welcomed the visitors and congratulated them upon their victory. Mr. W. R. Bland, for the Derbyshire players, thanked the previous speaker for his kind remarks and the Leicester Club for their courteous reception.

BOOKS AND BUSINESS.

Man has been defined as a cooking animal, he is also the only animal that reads. Books are the food upon which his intellect thrives. They open before him the world of the past and explain the world in which he lives. There is not a profession and scarce a calling of civilised life that is not in some measure dependent upon books. It is through them in a wider degree than by speech that knowledge grows and becomes fruitful. By them we live in past ages as well as in our own; they are our guides, philosophers, and friends, our choicest and most faithful companions. Every period of life and every class of men in a civilised state is more or less influenced by books, if not directly then through the agency of others.

All this is obvious enough, and might seem to be scarcely worth repeating in a bookish age which sends to the British Museum a ton of literature a day. Yet, in spite of almost universal reading and a growing army of authors, we constantly hear it said that there is an antagonism between literature and life, between the thinker and the man of action. In some cases, no doubt, this antagonism does exist. Every age has its bookworms and bibliophiles—men who delight in what no one else cares for, or who exhaust a fortune upon volumes that have little to commend them except rarity. Such collectors have been known to spend a lifetime in hunting for first editions, in securing uncut copies, in amassing all the existing editions of a popular book. This is a pretty amusement for idle men, and is at least an innocent piece of fooling; but it is not a legitimate use of books, and for any intellectual good he gains from them the hobby-rider might as well accumulate walking-sticks or pipes. We may frankly admit, too, that books, as in Southey's case, may be nobly used and yet be used to excess. We do not live to read but read to live, a truth which in the ardour and joy of study the scholar is sometimes apt to forget. Such instances of extravagant enthusiasm are rare, and being rare are remembered; as a rule, the competent author proves himself also competent as a man of affairs.

It is commonly supposed that a poetical imagination incapacitates its possessor for the ordinary work of life; but this is a delusion. Third-rate versifiers and novelists may prove poor men of business; but then they are weak all round. If their bargains and their household management bear the mark of incompetence, so also do their verses and tales. The small singer may be happier for his song-making; but it does not follow that he is wiser. On the other hand, great imaginative writers are men with large brains and hearts, men who know how to take their parts in the world, how to reason, and therefore how to act. Chaucer was sent on a mission to Italy by Edward III., and also to Flanders. He was appointed Controller of the Customs, and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, and Tanned Hides, on the understanding that he should personally perform the duties of the office. When Richard II. came to the crown he assisted in negotiating his marriage with Mary of France, and was a second time dispatched to Italy on an Embassy. He was also a member of Parliament. Spenser, the most dreamily imaginative of poets, who seems in his writings to live in a world of lovely fancies, was a man of practical sagacity, as everyone will see who reads his View of Ireland. He also, like Chaucer, held more than one official position. As Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, as Clerk in the Irish Court of Chancery, as Clerk to the Council of Munster, and as Sheriff of Cork, his whole life seems to have been spent amidst the cares of business. He became a landed proprietor, but the position then as now was one of more danger than profit, and the poet was eventually driven out of Ireland by the rebels. The result was disastrous, but there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it was due to incapacity. And can we doubt that Shakespeare, the greatest poet the world has seen, had the business faculty which men who live to make money esteem so highly? We have not many facts to guide our judgment, but they are amply sufficient. About the year 1586 Shakespeare began his career as an actor in London, whither, if tradition may be trusted, he came in extreme poverty. In 1599 the Globe Theatre was built, and the poet shared in the profits. Two years earlier he had been able to buy a house in Stratford, and three years later he bought land there, and made, not long afterwards, a still larger purchase. In 1612 he retired to Stratford and occupied the best house in the town until his death in 1616. Here we have a proof, the most striking which can be named, that a poet while living in the highest heaven of invention can attend at the same time successfully to mundane affairs. The lot of the poet who ranks second in our literature was less fortunate, for he fell upon evil times; but Milton, as Cromwell's Latin secretary, showed many statesman-like qualities, and laboured for years bravely in what he deemed the path of duty.

In later days, what a list of names might be cited of poets and men of letters whose worldly good fortune is as conspicuous as their literary success. In the reign of Anne, for example, a verse or political treatise of no great merit was often the prelude to fortune, and there are no signs that the writers when called from their desks and garrets failed as business men. Addison was successful in the highest degree; and though it is not given to every clever man to advance from a poetical simile to a Secretaryship of State, yet in that reign of the wits it would be easy to cite a score of men who, like Addison's friend Tickell, advanced from authorship to office, and succeeded honourably in both. Later in the century one remembers that Richardson, like the author of Caleb Williams, was a bookseller, that Fielding was a magistrate, that Burke combined statesmanship with philosophy, and coming to our own age, how many names might be mentioned of men who have earned a high reputation in commercial or public life as well as in literature. One illustration of this truth must suffice. No official in the Post Office ever worked with more energy and zeal than Anthony Trollope, yet through all his years of clerkship he toiled at literature as if his sole vocation were writing books. Assuredly in neither department did he give indications of incompetence.

The Lord Mayor will open the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace on the 23rd inst., attending in state.

The Duke of Cambridge will preside at the festival dinner of the Female Orphan Asylum at Beddington, to be held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, on Tuesday, the 29th inst.

The new dock extension at Penarth, Cardiff, comprising a water area of four and a half acres, and practically belonging to the Taff Vale Railway Company, was opened on the 9th inst. The cost of it has been £150,000.

In consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany, who had promised to take the chair at the forthcoming anniversary festival of the Royal Literary Fund, his Excellency the French Ambassador has kindly consented to preside over the dinner on Wednesday, May 21, in the place of his Royal Highness.

A representative body of gentlemen connected with shipping and marine insurance had an interview on the 9th inst. at the Board of Trade with Mr. Chamberlain and the Solicitor-General, at which some of the main features of the Merchant Shipping Bill formed the subject of discussion. A second meeting will take place next Tuesday.



1. Detachment of the Bearer Company on the March.

2. Attending the Wounded during the Battle.

3. An Incident on the Road.

4. Placing a Wounded Man on a Stretcher.

5. Examining a Case on the Field.

6. Method of Carrying the Wounded on a Stretcher.

EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES: THE AMBULANCE CORPS.

NEW BOOKS.

Everybody will agree that one "traveller sees things in a different light" from that in which they appear to another; for which reason no apology can be required for such a book as *The World beyond the Esterelles*: by A.W. Buckland (Remington and Co.), wherein an intelligent and observant author, by means of two volumes, gives his ideas concerning places frequently visited, indeed, and frequently described, but nevertheless always interesting. Perhaps the record of impressions and experiences is not quite so recent as the date of publication might lead a reader to expect; but it is recent enough for most purposes. The author begins by describing himself as "banished to Cannes"—happy man!—and then proceeds to set forth "what the expatriated may see there," including "Lord Brougham's nose," which is a rocky and not a fleshy or bony or gristly "excrecence," so named in grateful, no doubt, but somewhat disrespectful memory of the celebrated Englishman to whom Cannes is deeply indebted. From Cannes the author moves on to Nice and discourses about the "gay world in the Riviera," about the Carnival especially; and then he hurries forward to Mentone, and of course recounts his experience at Monte Carlo, to which he pays a visit, and which is Eldorado to the Prince of Monaco. He has not a good word to say for the notorious gambling-place, which, however, did not profit apparently by a single five-franc piece extracted from his pocket; although he was naturally and necessarily struck with the stateliness of the Casino and the beauty of all that surrounds it. He has not a little to say concerning Mentone, to which he assigns the queenship among the Mediterranean cities, and what he says is worthy of attention. He next proceeds by rail to Ventimiglia, and then sets us down at Bordighera, where he sojourns a while and delivers a sufficiently interesting lecture. Anon the word is given to start for Genoa, whence he chooses to continue his journey "by rail along the coast-line to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome." On the way he chats both pleasantly and learnedly; and when he arrives at Rome several chapters and a fresh volume are required to contain the outpourings of his heart, his memory, and his note-book. From Rome we are borne away to Naples, Baia, Sorrento; and from Naples, to vary our sensations, we are conveyed by steamer, over a Mediterranean which belies its character for tranquillity, to Leghorn, whence we have more rail to Pisa and Florence. Then comes some interesting talk about leaning towers, of which there are more in Italy than the ordinary tourist, who "does" Pisa, wots of; and now we approach the last chapter, which is devoted to "Alpine roads and railroads." There may be nothing new in all this; but the author can make new lamps of old by the magic of his art, which consists in his points of observation and his style of preaching.

If an exhaustive work is possible, we have it in *The Orkneys and Shetlands; their Past and Present States*, by John R. Tudor, and "Old Wick" of the Field. The descriptive, historical, and archaeological portions, which form the main part of the book, are by this author, but there are chapters on the geology by Mr. B. N. Peach and Mr. John Horne, who are authorities in that department. In addition to these writers, the Flora of the two islands is treated upon by Messrs. W. I. Fortesque and Peter White. There is also in the appendices a valuable contribution on the ruined churches and their dates by Sir Henry E. L. Dryden, Bart. The book is a stout one, extending to 700 pages, and it is well illustrated with woodcuts and maps, coloured geological maps being given, as well as those of a topographical character. In such a complete book,

the absence of drawings of the Maes Howe at once strikes the reader. This is the most perfect chambered tumulus in the British Isles; and its resemblance to the ancient mound graves of Greece and Asia Minor invest it with a peculiar importance. It is very carefully described in the twenty-third chapter, but drawings of such monuments are essential for the proper understanding of them. The first chapter is on the prehistoric period, and deals with the Brocks, among other subjects; but here again the absence of illustrations must be felt by those who are not familiar with these peculiar structures. A ground plan of the Brock of Lingrow is given; but the interest attached to it is connected with remains of structures round it. Some of the old sculptured stones with crosses on them are represented, and among them is the Bressay stone, with its Ogham inscription, running thus "The Cross of Naddod's daughter here," and "Benres the Son of the Druid here." The Naddod here mentioned was the daughter of a famous Viking of the Faroes in the ninth century. Benris was her son, and his father seems to have been a Druid; but the son of the Druid, as it may have been his mother, must have been, at least we are led to suppose so from the cross, converted to Christianity. The historical part of the book is full of the most attractive details, much of it being taken from old records. There is a quotation from one of these curious documents regarding the murder of a husband by his wife; her brothers were also tried for this and other crimes. The indictment was against "Johnie Faw elder, callit Mekill Johnie Faw, Johnie Faw younger, callit Littill Johnie Faw, Katherin Faw, spous to Umquhill Murdo Brown." This last was the person murdered with "a lang braig knyff," and his "spous," Katherin, was sentenced to be thrown from a high rock, called the Bulwark, into the sea, and drowned. This was in 1612, and the story has a curious interest from these Faws being called "Egyptians," or gypsies; for there is a Johnie Faw, a celebrated "gipsy laddie," also called Sir John Faw of Dunbar, who was executed with other gypsies about the same date, at Cassellis, for carrying off the Lady of the Earl of that name. The story is well known from the old ballad of "Johnie Faw," describing the clope-ment. We can only conclude by stating that Mr. Tudor's book forms a complete book of reference to the Orkneys and Shetland.

Miss Gordon Cumming has just published *In the Hebrides*, which is called a new edition: but the meaning of this will be understood when it is remembered that the writer published some years ago a couple of volumes entitled "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." The first volume of that work dealt with the Hebrides, and this new book is another edition of it. On glancing over the leaves it is evident that much of it has been re-written, and illustrations are perceived to be more plentiful. Whoever takes a delight in old customs, quaint rites, even what may be called superstitious beliefs and practices, or places noted in connection with such things, should read Miss Gordon Cumming's new issue of this work on the Hebrides. There is a good deal of information about the Western islands, to be found in the book, but it must not be forgot that the author is a travelled lady; she has seen many lands, and things in the Hebrides suggest comparison with what has been seen in other parts of the world. It results from this that in some parts of the work the Hebrides becomes only the text, and the writer's experiences in India, Ceylon, or Fiji, appears as the homily; the whole making a fascinating mass of information for those who are fond of Old World lore. There is one chapter which scarcely belongs to the above classification: it deals with a matter that is

of our own day, and it is eminently practical in its nature. This chapter is called "Oil on the Waters." Among the Hebrides are many small barren islands, which have become the home of infinite multitudes of birds. Many of these birds are fat and oily—so much so, that in some cases a wick is passed through the body, and lighted at the dead bird's beak, when it will burn till nearly all the animal is consumed. Oil being thus plentiful, Miss Gordon Cumming claims for the island of St. Kilda the honour of first pouring the oil on the troubled waters of the sea, to enable boats to pass dangerous rocks and to enter the difficult inlets which form the harbours of its rocky coast. At times, when out fishing, if foul weather comes on and the men find themselves in peril, they cut open the cod and ling, tear out the livers and crush out the oil with their hands over the side of the boats. The effect has all the appearance of a miracle. The raging sea becomes smooth, and where only a few minutes before the boat was in danger of being swamped with the gulphing waves, the water ceases its angry hiss, the foaming crests subside, and a gentle swell takes their place, through which the boat glides in perfect safety. Miss Gordon Cumming has collected details of the use of oil in this way from many other parts of the world, and she has evidently written this chapter with the most benevolent of intentions. She deserves the Royal Humane Society's medal for it. There is much in this book we should like to quote; but readers must get the work, and enjoy the whole. We hope Miss Gordon Cumming will follow this with her Himalayan narrative in a separate volume.

There is no harder task than to write wisely for the young, so that they may be at once charmed by the manner and instructed by the matter. In the *Porches of the Temple*, by Thomas Green, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), this difficult feat has been accomplished. The author's aim is to describe in the simplest language several prominent facts of science and to draw from them moral and spiritual lessons. In doing this Mr. Green displays considerable tact. He never preaches at the boys and girls for whom he writes as Hannah More and Mrs. Sherwood preached in their books for children. His remarks have none of that goodness which young people instinctively shrink from, but at the same time there is no attempt to conceal the purpose of the volume, which is not only to convey scientific information, but to influence the conduct of life. Mr. Green deserves credit for the purity of his English and for a total freedom from the rhetorical effort which in books of this class is too often a substitute for accuracy of knowledge.

The new edition of the long-established book of reference, "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," has been published by Messrs. Dean and Sons, under the editorship, as heretofore, of Dr. Robert Mair. It has been carefully corrected to a recent date, and comprises in a convenient arrangement a large amount of information directly and indirectly concerning the objects of the work.—Messrs. Dean and Son have also issued a new edition of "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench," corrected under the editorship of Dr. Mair to a recent date. It embraces colonial Judges, provincial recorders, and county court Judges, and gives armorial bearings of members of Parliament, Judges, and Parliamentary boroughs, besides particulars of population, number of electors, and of voters at last election.

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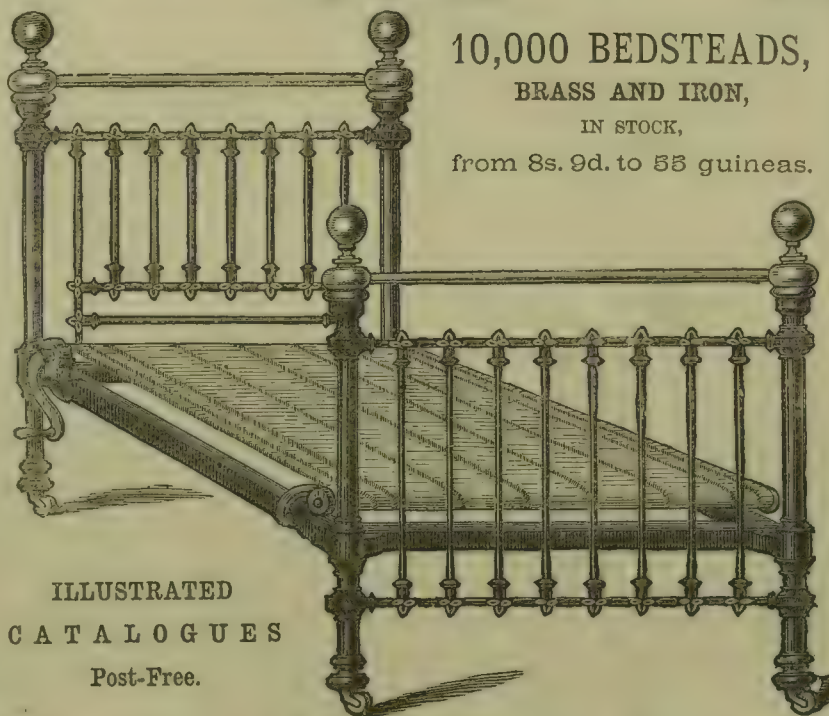
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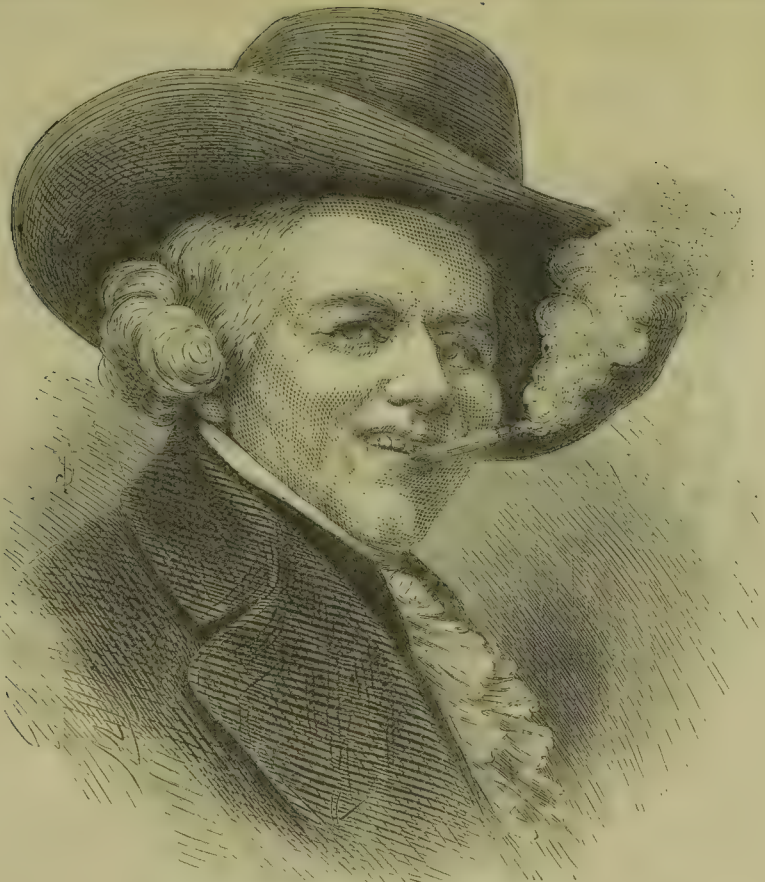
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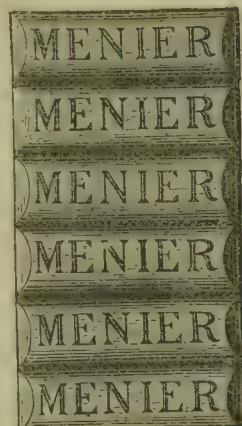
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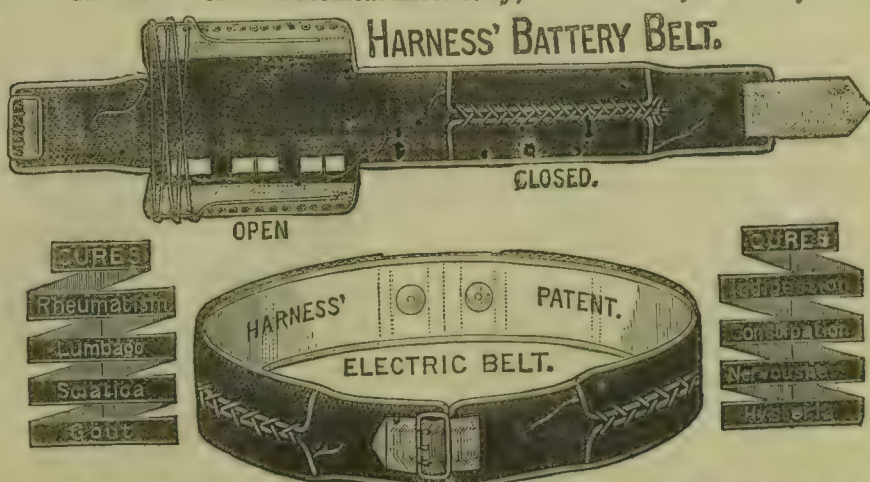
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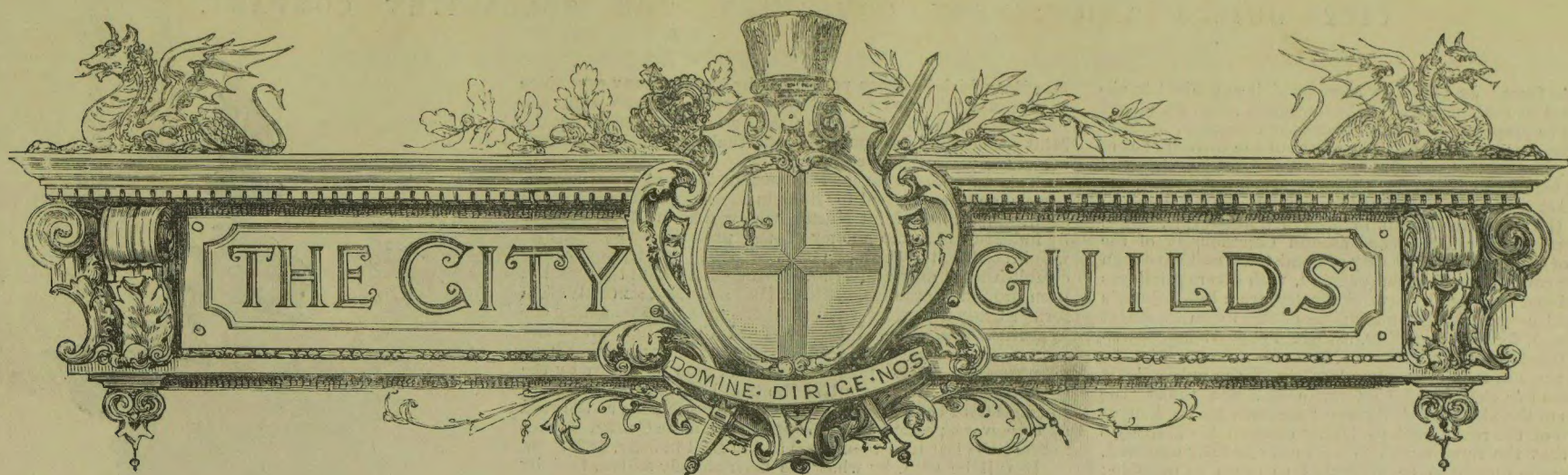
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THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

The London Municipal Government Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by the Home Secretary, and read a first time on the day of adjournment for the Easter recess, has revived the general feeling of interest in the ancient City Corporation. It is proposed by this bill to effect a complete transformation and vast expansion of the existing Common Council, and of the grand historic office of the Lord Mayor of London, extending their authority over the whole metropolis, throughout which the Common Council will perform the manifold functions now entrusted to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and some additional duties, with the aid of thirty-nine District Municipal Councils, taking the place of the present Vestries and District Boards. The internal changes to be made in the City Corporation would appear designed with a view to bring the municipal constitution of the City, which will be made the nucleus and centre of a great London Municipality, and will have a larger proportionate share in its composition, into more complete harmony with the modern type of urban representative bodies, charged with the public business of cities or corporate towns. While presiding over the most powerful assembly of its kind that can be imagined, which is to deal with the local affairs of four millions of people, and with revenues and expenses greater than those of some foreign kingdoms, the Lord Mayor is to part company, as it seems, with some peculiar City institutions, of very great antiquity, hitherto most intimately associated with his office. The Court of Aldermen is to be abolished; and the Livery Companies, though not otherwise touched by this Bill in any of their separate possessions or endowments, will lose the right of meeting in Common Hall for the election of the Lord Mayor. They may, perhaps, be reconciled to the deprivation of this special franchise, as a branch of the City Corporation, by remembering that, upon the last occasion when it was exercised, their choice was peremptorily over-ruled by the Court of Aldermen, who preferred Mr. Alderman Fowler to Mr. Alderman Hadley.

We desire, however, in this and in the succeeding articles, which will accompany a series of Illustrations, to notice the more substantial and valuable privileges enjoyed by the Livery Companies, originally Trade Guilds, of the City of London. A Royal Commission of Inquiry, Lord Derby being its Chairman, was appointed in 1880 to investigate all matters connected with their estates, trusts, income, and expenditure; but the full Report of that Commission, though said to be completed, has not yet been published. Whether or not it should involve any recommendations for limiting or controlling their distribution of annual revenues, amounting in the aggregate to three-quarters of a million sterling, partly held in trust for specific uses, partly at the free disposal of these private corporations, we cannot pretend to guess; but we feel sure that public opinion is friendly to their preservation, since they have latterly shown a generous spirit, and they are certainly an ornamental feature of London society, besides doing a certain amount of real good, and being capable of doing much more, both in the dispensation of charity and in the furtherance of education. This consideration has inclined us to put before our readers some account, from authentic sources, of the actual position and administration of a few of the greater Livery Companies, but we have not space or leisure to relate the history of them all, or to enter upon various interesting antiquarian discussions connected with the subject.

It is sufficient to observe, with regard to the origin of these Companies, that from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, under the later Norman and earlier Plantagenet Kings of England, the different classes of London tradesmen and artificers began to form associations for the protection, regulation, profit, and improvement of their respective crafts, for ensuring the instruction of apprentices, and for the relief of those among them who fell into poverty, and of destitute widows and orphans. They purchased from the Crown, at different periods, charters of incorporation enabling these Companies, which in most other towns would be called guilds of trades, to hold landed estates, to make by-laws or statutes for their own government, to levy fines, to exercise powers of search and inspection, and to enjoy a monopoly of their particular trades within the City and Liberties of London. It was not until the reign of Edward II. that membership of some one of these "trades or mysteries" was rendered the condition of obtaining the freedom of the City. As an example of the growth and development of the several Companies, we have been furnished with precise historical details concerning the Goldsmiths' Company.

The Goldsmiths' Company is first mentioned in the year 1180, when it appears to have been a voluntary association. It doubtless had its origin in a combination of goldsmiths for their mutual protection, and to guard the trade against fraudulent workers. In the year 1300 the existence of the Company was recognised by a statute—viz., the 28 Edward I., cap. 80, which provides for the standards of gold and silver, enacting that all articles of those metals shall be assayed by the Wardens of the Craft, to whom powers of search are also given. The first of the Company's charters was granted to them by Edward III., in the first year of his reign (1327), whereby the Company were allowed to elect honest, lawful, and sufficient men, best skilled in the trade, to inquire of any matters of complaint, and who might, in due consideration of the craft, reform what defects they should find therein, and punish offenders. It states that it had been theretofore ordained that all those who were in the goldsmiths' trade should sit in their shops in the High Street of Cheap (Cheapside), and that no silver or plate, nor vessel of gold or silver, ought to be sold in the City of London except at the King's Exchange, or in the said street of Cheap amongst the Goldsmiths, and that publicly, to the end that the persons of the said trade might inform themselves whether the sellers came lawfully by such vessel or not; whereas of late not only the merchants and strangers brought counterfeit sterling into the realm, and also many of the trade of goldsmiths kept shops in obscure turnings and by-lanes and streets; but did buy vessels of gold and silver secretly, without inquiring whether such vessels were stolen or lawfully come by, and immediately melting them down, did make them into plate, and sell it to merchants travelling beyond seas, that it might be exported; and so they made false work of gold and silver, which they sold to those who had no skill in such things.

By two subsequent charters, Edward III. confirmed and extended the privileges before granted, and gave license to them to purchase and hold tenements and rents for the relief of infirm members.

Richard II. (in consequence of the Goldsmiths having represented by their petition that the letters patent of Edward III. could not be put in execution, from "their not naming persons capable"), by letters patent of the 16th of his reign, after reciting, amongst other things, that Edward the Third had allowed the Company of the said Craft to accept charitable donations, and to purchase estates as aforesaid, and that they might retain a chaplain to celebrate mass amongst them every day for the souls of all the faithful departed, according to an ordinance in that behalf made, confirmed the liberties granted by Edward the Third, and granted and licensed "the men of the Craft that thenceforth they may be a perpetual community or society amongst themselves; and that the said Society or Company may yearly for ever elect out of themselves four wardens to oversee, rule, and duly govern the said Craft and community, and every member of the same." Henry IV., by letters patent of his fifth year, recited and confirmed the preceding Charters of Edward III. and Richard II. Henry VI., by letters patent of his first year, also recited and confirmed the Charter of Henry IV. Edward IV. recited and confirmed the charters of his predecessors, granted "to his beloved the then Wardens and Commonalty of the said craft." Moreover, he granted "that the said then Wardens and their successors may be a corporation or body corporate, to consist of and be called the Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London." That they may be capable in law to purchase, take, and hold in fee and perpetuity lands, tenements, rents, and other possessions whatsoever of any persons whomsoever that shall be willing to give, devise, and assign the same to them. That they may have perpetual succession and a common seal. That by the name of "The Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London" they may implead and be impleaded. That they may make good and reasonable by-laws and ordinances as often as they shall judge expedient for the better regulating the said Mystery. That they shall retain their right of trade search, and shall have the regulating of the trade of goldsmithery in all parts of the kingdom, with power to correct and punish offenders in London and elsewhere.

Henry VII., by letters patent of the twentieth year of his reign, confirmed the whole of the preceding charters, and on account of the Company being opposed in their trade search and assay, granted by Edward IV., gave them the additional power to imprison or fine defaulters in the trade at their discretion; to seize and break unlawful work; to compel the trade, within three miles of the City, to bring their work to the Company's Common Hall to be assayed and stamped; and gave them power for ever, when it was not standard, to utterly condemn the same, without rendering account to the Crown.

The whole of the liberties and franchises granted to the Company by the preceding charters are set forth and confirmed by innumerable charters of 1st of Henry VIII., 1st of Edward VI., 1st of Mary, 3rd of Elizabeth, 2nd of James I., and 18th of Charles II.

The Company also received a Charter from James II., dated May 4, in the first year of his reign, whereby, amongst other things, that monarch reserved to the Crown a right of control over the appointment of the wardens and clerk. This statute was made void by the Act of Parliament 2nd William and Mary, cap. 8.

The following patent also relates in part to their property—viz., 4th of Edward VI. The King to Augustine Hyde and

others; grant of the rents and annual payments charged on property for superstitious uses, which property had become forfeited to the Crown by operation of the Statute of the 1st Edward VI. The grantees were trustees for several of the City Corporations. The grant was made in consideration of £18,744 11s. 2d. paid to the King. The patent comprises houses and lands of the Goldsmiths' Company of great value given by twenty-four separate benefactors.

A private Act of Parliament was also passed in the fourth year of the reign of James I., by which all the houses and lands so charged with payments for superstitious uses were granted and confirmed to the several Companies; and, further, James I., by letters patent, in the seventeenth year of his reign (July 24, 1619), confirmed to the Company the possession of a large quantity of property, comprising 379 houses and tenements in the City of London.

In addition to the foregoing charters, numerous Acts of Parliament regulate the proceedings of the Company in matters connected with the manufacture and sale of wares of gold and silver.

As before stated, it appears that the Company was at first a voluntary association, and had for its chief objects the protection of the mystery or craft of goldsmiths; but it was evidently also formed for religious and social purposes, and for the relief of the poor members—for in the very earliest records we find sums paid for superstitious purposes, such as the keeping of the obits of deceased members, the providing wax lights which were used in celebrating the obit, and were held by the almsfolk during such celebration; for ringing bells on St. Dunstan's Day, and for the vestures of the Chaplain, whose duty it was to say masses for the souls of deceased members. St. Dunstan was the patron saint of the mystery, and the Company had a chapel of St. Dunstan in St. Paul's Cathedral. We also find in the early records entries of payments for feasts (the sum expended in 1367 on St. Dunstan's feast was £21 8s. 9d.) and of payments made to the poor.

The powers exercised by this voluntary association over the craft were subsequently confirmed to them by their charters. The Wardens fined workmen for making wares worse than standard; entered their shops, and searched for and seized false wares; settled disputes between masters and apprentices, and frequently punished rebellious apprentices by flogging; levied heavy fines upon members for slander and disobedience of the Wardens, and for reviling members of the livery; and generally exercised a very powerful and absolute control, not only over the members of the fellowship, but also over all other persons exercising the goldsmiths' trade.

For the purpose of the assay they had an assay office in the early part of the fourteenth century. The statute of 28 Edward I. enacts that no vessel of gold or silver shall depart out of the hands of the workman until it is assayed by the Wardens of the craft, and stamped with the leopard's head—the leopard being at that time part of the Royal arms of England.

The Company and its members, even at this early period, appear to have acted as bankers and pawnbrokers. They received pledges not only of plate but of other articles, such as cloth of gold and pieces of napery.

The London goldsmiths were divided into two classes, natives and foreigners. They inhabited chiefly Cheapside, Old Change, Lombard-street, Foster-lane, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Silver-street, Goldsmiths'-street, Wood-street, and the lanes about Goldsmiths' Hall. Cheapside was their principal place of residence. The part of it, on the south side, extending from Bread-street to the Cross, was called "The Goldsmiths' Row." The shops here were occupied by goldsmiths, and here the Company possess many houses at the present time. The exchange for the King's coin was close by, in what is now called Old Change. The native and foreign goldsmiths appear to have been divided into classes, and to have enjoyed different privileges. First, there were the members of the Company, who were chiefly, but not exclusively, Englishmen; their shops were subject to the control of the Company; they had the advantages conferred by the Company on its members; and they made certain payments for the support of the fellowship.

The second division comprised the non-freemen, who were called "Allowes," that is to say, allowed or licensed. These were the "Allowes Englis," "Allowes Alicant," "Alicant Strangers," "Dutchmen," "Men of the Fraternity of St. Loys," &c. All these paid tribute to the Company, and were also subject to their control. The quarterage paid by the members, and the tribute so paid by the "Allowes," constituted the Company's original income. We find frequent mention of efforts made by the English goldsmiths to prevent foreign goldsmiths from settling in London, but they did not succeed. The wise men of the craft probably knew that the best artists were foreigners, and were willing to profit by observation of their works and mode of working. In 1445, thirty-four persons, who were strangers, were sworn, and paid 2s. a head. In 1447 Carlos Spaen paid £8 6s. 8d. to the Alms of St. Dunstan, to be admitted a freeman; and in 1511 John de Loren paid £20 for the same object.

The Wardens also frequently obliged foreigners applying for the freedom to produce testimonials from the authorities of the towns abroad where they had resided.

The government of the trade under the Company's charters continued up to the reign of Charles the Second. But some time before this period, and in the interval between it and the passing of the Act of the 12 George II., cap. 26, the powers which had been granted to the Company began to be questioned; and the Company experienced difficulty in putting

CITY GUILDS AND LIVERY COMPANIES: THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

them into force. In 1738 they considered it expedient to obtain an Act of Parliament. The 12 George II., cap. 26, passed in 1739, was prepared by the officers of the Company, brought into Parliament by them, with the assent of the Government of the time; and all the cost of soliciting it and getting it passed was paid for by the Company, although it is a public Act.

This Act recites the 28 Edward I., cap. 20; the 2 Henry VI., cap. 14; the 18 Elizabeth, cap. 15; the 12 William III., cap. 4. It also recites that "The Wardens and Commonalty of the mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London are and have been a guild or corporation time out of mind, with divers privileges confirmed and enlarged by several charters from his Majesty's Royal predecessors, Kings and Queens of this realm (amongst other things), for the searching, assaying, supervising, marking, and regulating wrought plate, in order to ascertain the standard thereof, for the good and safety of the public." It also recites the charter of 18 Charles II., and that "the standards of the plate of this Kingdom are both for the honour and riches of the realm, and so highly concern his Majesty's subjects that the same ought to be most carefully observed, and all deceptions therein to be prevented as much as possible; but, notwithstanding the aforesaid several Acts of Parliament and charters, great frauds are daily committed in the manufacturing of gold and silver wares for want of sufficient power effectually to prevent the same."

The enactments which follow, together with the enactments contained in the Act of 7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 22, comprise all the principal laws which regulate the goldsmiths' trade, and under which the Company act at the present day.

Under this Act the Assay Office is regulated. The Company are empowered thereby to make charges for the assaying and marking plate sufficient only to defray the expenses of the office, and are prohibited from making any profit thereby or deriving any pecuniary advantage therefrom.

At a very early period there were members of the governing body of the Company, both Wardens and Assistants, who were not of the craft.

Conspicuous citizens who are freemen, and many great merchants, bankers, and even military men and lawyers filled those offices. The sons of a freeman were entitled to the freedom, and became free by patrimony, whether they were craftsmen or not. Hence the children of goldsmiths, who had acquired wealth and importance, and who did not follow the business of their fathers, furnished a large and important class of freemen from whom members of the governing body were chosen. The leading bankers—themselves the descendants in trade of the old goldsmiths—from the time of the Stuarts to the present time have been some of the most conspicuous members of the body. Amongst them we find the names of Sir Martin Bowes, who was Master of the Mint in the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Hugh Myddelton, the enterprising founder of the New River, Sir Francis Child, of Temple Bar, Sir Charles Duncombe, Sir James Pemberton, Sir Robert Vyner; and, in the present century, Robert Williams, and Thomas Hallifax, Henry Sykes Thornton, William Banbury, John Charles Salt, Herbert Barnard, William Newmarch, William Cunliffe Brooks, Robert Ruthven Pym, Arthur B. Twining, Charles Hoare, and Robert Williams, jun.

It remains to mention the connection of the Company with the coinage of the realm in what is called the Trial of the Pyx,

an office which has been performed by the Company ever since the reign of Edward I. Its object is to ascertain that the metal of which the moneys of gold and silver coined by the Mint are composed is standard, and that the coins themselves are of the prescribed weight.

This duty was performed in ancient times at uncertain intervals, and usually had for its immediate object the giving an acquittance to the Mint Master, who was bound to the Crown by indentures to coin money of the prescribed fineness and weight. But the Coinage Act of 1870 provides for and establishes an annual trial, and since that date the Pyx has been brought to the Goldsmith's Hall and tried annually. In former times a jury of competent freemen, summoned by the Wardens, was charged by the Lord Chancellor, who subsequently received their verdict. But this practice has been changed, and at the present time the jury is sworn by the Queens' Remembrancer, who—the trial having been made and the verdict of the jury reduced to writing—attends at the Hall and receives it; after which it is published in the *Gazette*. In this manner the last trial took place at the Hall in July, 1883.

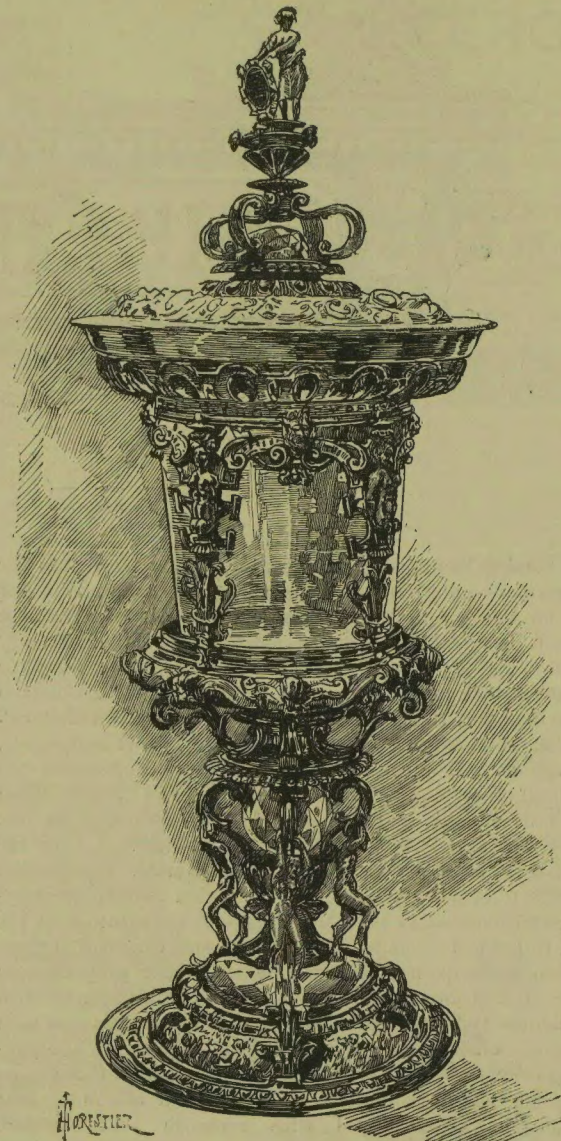
It will be seen, by what has been already stated, that by charters and Acts of Parliament extensive rights or powers are vested in the Company to exercise superintendence over the manufacture and sale of wares of gold and silver. These are exercised by their assaying and stamping gold and silver plate, and by the prosecution of offenders against the laws which regulate the standards of plate and the marking thereof. These powers extend to every part of England; that is to say: A dealer in any part of England who sells an article of gold or silver which is required to be assayed and marked, and which article is below the required standard, or has not been marked as required, may be proceeded against for penalties; and any person in any part of England who forges the marks of the Company, or utters wares bearing counterfeit marks with a guilty knowledge, may be prosecuted for felony; but in the case of the forgery of the particular marks of those provincial companies which have the power of assaying and marking plate, the Goldsmiths' Company of London do not interfere.

We have now briefly to describe the constitution and present condition of the Goldsmiths' Company, and its splendid establishment, of which we present some illustrations. The Governing Body of the Company is composed of a Prime Warden, three Wardens, and a Court of twenty-one Assistants. The only persons mentioned in the Charters as forming the Governing Body are the four Wardens; but the Assistants are mentioned in the Records as early as the fourteenth century by the name of "the Good Folks of the Mystery"; and at the commencement of the sixteenth century we find them mentioned by their present name. The total income of the Goldsmiths' Company is now estimated at £92,700 a year, including the different trust properties in its management. It supports the Almshouses and Church of St. Dunstan, at East Acton; schools at Cromer and at Stockport, exhibitions at the Universities to the amount of £3000 a year, subscriptions to various charities, grants to promote technical education, and prizes for the best designs in goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, annuities to retired officers, and donations for sundry benevolent objects; but there is no public account of the larger part of its expenditure.

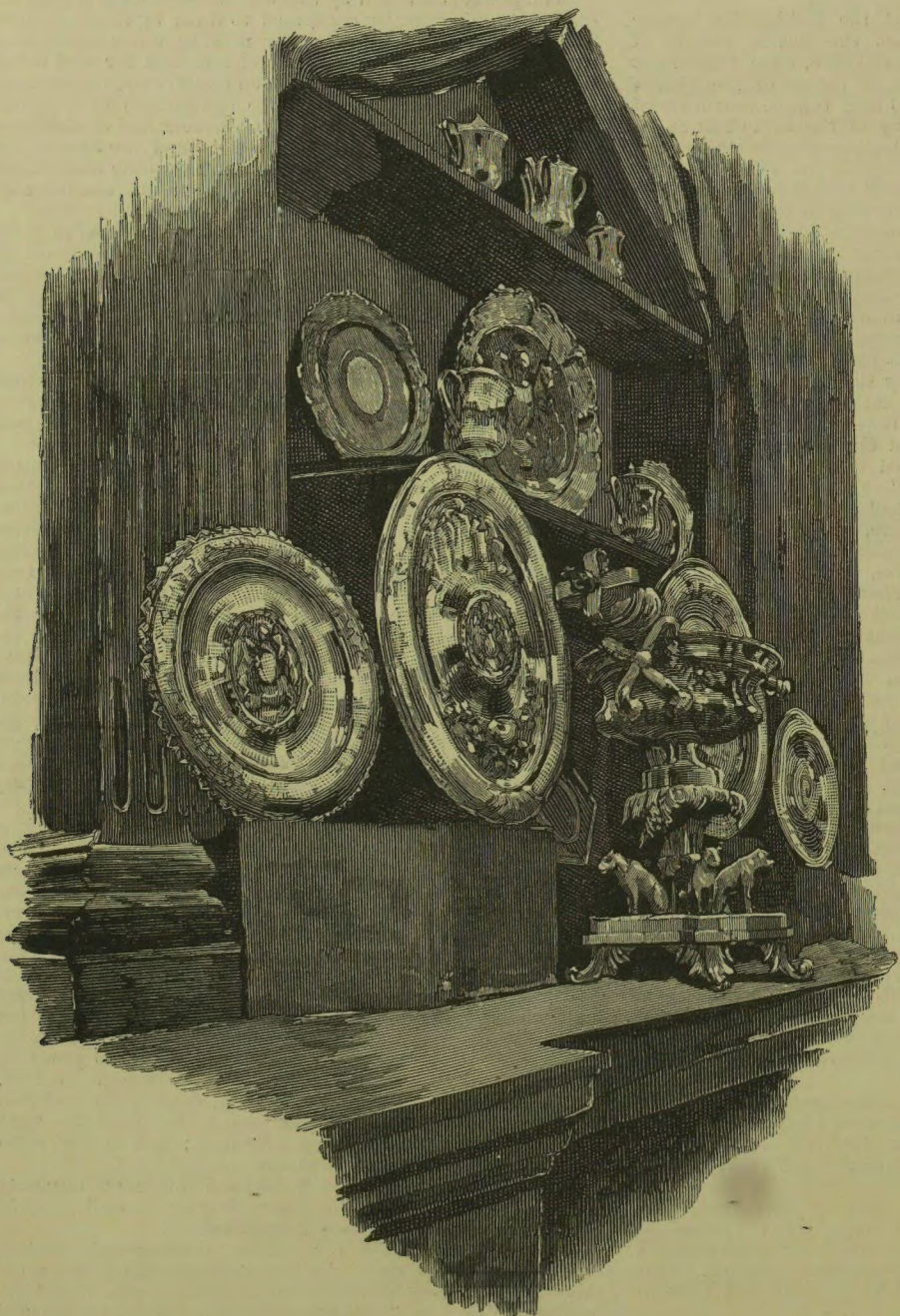
The amount paid in salaries is £4292; the expenses of holding Courts and Committees are stated at £1576; the cost of dinners and other entertainments, £4300, besides £1960 for wine.

The magnificent building called Goldsmiths' Hall, situated in Foster-lane, behind the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, was re-erected in the Renaissance style of architecture, from the designs of Mr. Hardwick, in 1835. Our illustrations present a partial view of the exterior, the entrance vestibule and the grand staircase (of marble), with a few objects of interest preserved in the Hall, including the remains of a Roman altar which was found in digging the foundations, and the goblet bequeathed to the Company by Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1545, out of which Queen Elizabeth drank wine at her coronation. The Hall is adorned with fine portraits of two or three old Lord Mayors, and of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, George IV., William IV. and Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; and with Story's marble statues of Cleopatra and the Sibyl. In the basement of this palatial edifice are the offices for the business of the Goldsmiths' Company. The building and the site which it occupies, as freehold property, have been rated at the annual value of £5500, but must be worth nearly £8000 a year.

With regard to the Livery Companies of the City of London in general, their total aggregate income, as already stated, is estimated to be from £700,000 to £750,000, of which about £200,000 is charged with charity trusts, the accounts of which are annually submitted to the Charity Commissioners. The corporate income of £500,000 or more is derived entirely from investments, with the exception of about £7000 received from present members in the form of fees on admission to membership and livery. The expenditure of trust and corporate income is believed to admit of the following classification, as



CUP FROM WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH DRANK AT HER CORONATION.

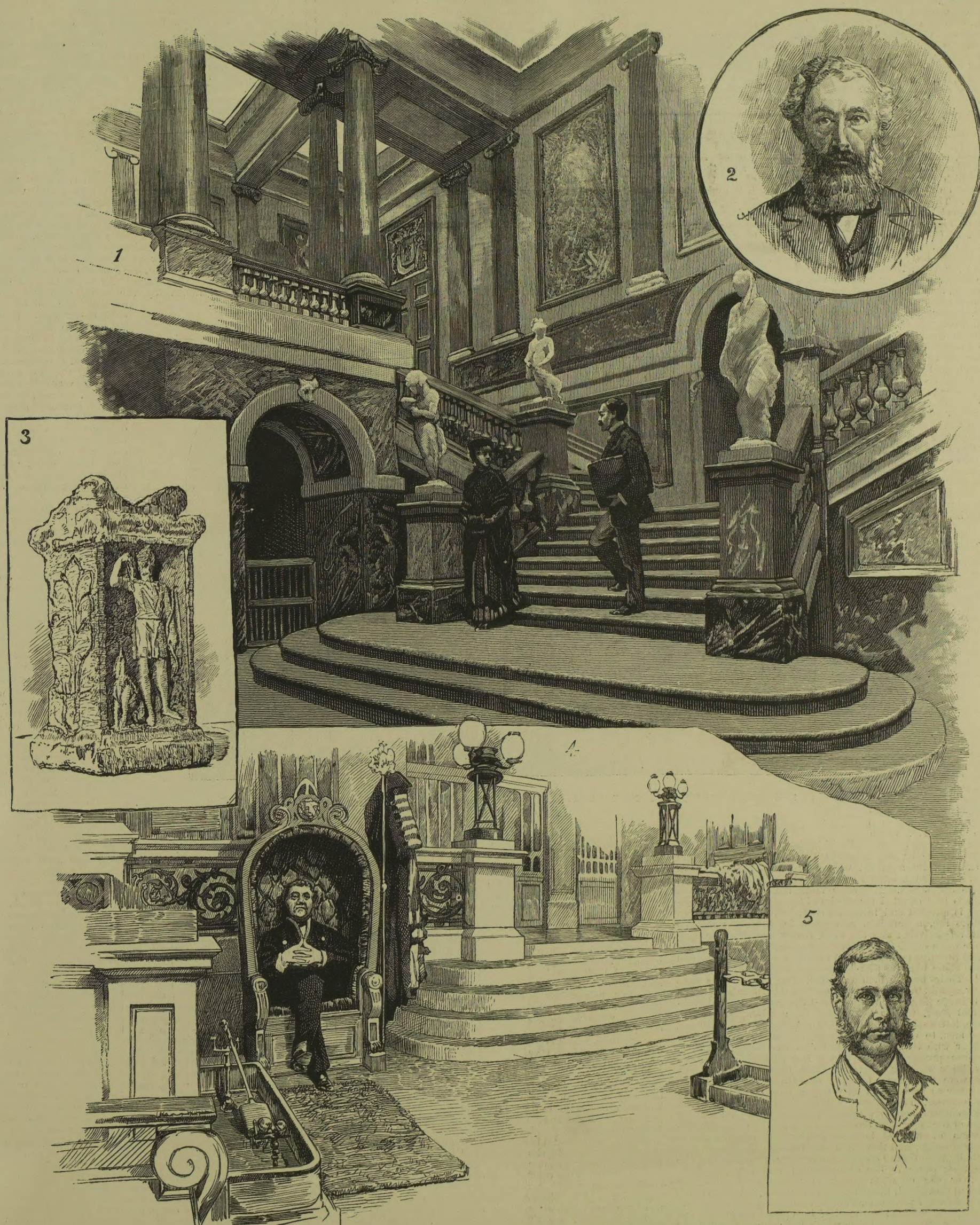


A PORTION OF THE PLATE OF THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

nearly as can be deduced from the diversified forms in which the returns of the companies were sent in—viz., for relief of poor members, from trust property, £75,000, from corporate property, £30,000; for education, from trust property, £75,000, from corporate property, £40,000; for miscellaneous charitable objects, from trust property £50,000, from corporate property, £70,000; for churches and chapels in Ulster, from corporate property, £10,000; making an annual expenditure for objects of public benevolence amounting to £200,000 from trust property, and £150,000 from the property which belongs to the Livery Companies as corporations. Their establishment and management expenses are £30,000 a year for rates and taxes, £70,000 for decoration of their Halls and for improvements on their English and Irish estates; £40,000 for attendance fees at Courts and Committees, dinners to the members upon these occasions, and other expenses; £60,000 for salaries, and £75,000 for entertainments, while the annual value of the halls is estimated at £75,000, making a total of £ 00,000 corporate revenue accounted for. The administration of that which the Companies regard as their trust property, and which is estimated to produce £200,000 a year, the connection between trust and corporate property, and the ground for the alleged difference between them, were investigated by Lord Derby's Commission. Under the Charitable Trusts Acts the Companies are bound to submit yearly to the Charity Commissioners an account of their expenditure of the income derived from charitable trusts. It is admitted that the Companies have supplied their accounts with promptitude and regularity. The Charity Commissioners have had no power to institute an effectual audit of the accounts. Nor, under the Acts, have trustees any power to extend capital without the sanction of the Commissioners. If they had reason to believe that a Company was not fulfilling a trust, the Commissioners would send an Inspector to inquire; if necessary, they would ask the Company to apply to them for a scheme, and if the Company did not, the Commissioners would submit a case to the Attorney-General, who would bring it before the Court of Chancery. The City Companies, it has been thought, were not likely to go to the Commissioners for schemes, because the Companies considered themselves to be the best managers of their own funds. Some of the smaller Companies have no trust estates, and it is usually the larger Companies the Commissioners have to deal with. Relief is chiefly given to poor members by way of almshouses and pensions, and money grants are made in some cases. The Commissioners have no means of ascertaining how far the wants of the poor have been met, but they do not receive complaints on that score. The Companies are generally anxious that their almspeople should have sufficient stipends, and in many cases they supply deficiencies from corporate funds. There a very few dole charities under the City Companies; but an immense number of small sums are distributed to the City parishes by the Companies, and the Companies have nothing to do with their application by the parish authorities.

There are some eighty Livery Companies in the City of London; but the twelve great companies are the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. Of these, the Goldsmiths' Company and the Fishmongers' Company still exercise some functions of control and supervision over their respective trades; and so do the Stationers' Company, the Apothecaries' Company, the Gunmakers, the Founders, the Saddlers, the Painters, and the Pewterers and Plumbers, among the minor companies, but in most instances their jurisdiction has now become a mere formality.

CITY GUILDS AND LIVERY COMPANIES: THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.



1. The Staircase. 2. The Prime Warden. 3. Roman Altar found on the Site of Goldsmiths' Hall. 4. In the Vestibule. 5. The Clerk of the Company.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

THE ROYAL VAULT, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

We present an illustration of the interior of the sepulchral vault appropriated to the Royal Family, beneath the Albert Memorial Chapel attached to St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle; being the place in which the body of the lamented Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was deposited after the funeral service performed on Saturday, the 5th inst. The vault in which the Duke of Albany was thus buried must not be confounded with that under the centre of the choir of St. George's Chapel, in which Henry VIII., Lady Jane Seymour, Charles I., and an infant daughter of Queen Anne were buried. The Albert Memorial Chapel was erected by Henry VII. for his own Mausoleum, but it fell into the great Cardinal's hands afterwards, and was henceforth known as Wolsey's Tomb-house. James II. turned the edifice into a Roman Catholic chapel, and after it was wrecked by the populace it was neglected. George III., however, constructed a Royal Vault beneath the chapel fifteen feet high, and corresponding with the length and width of the chapel. Tiers of shelves on either side, supported by Gothic octagonal pillars, are the receptacles of the bodies, and upon one of these the Duke of Albany was placed, the coffin having been wheeled from the spot to which it was lowered from the choir of St. George's Chapel on the piece of machinery upon which it sank out of sight. There are now eighteen tenants of the Royal Vault. Besides children, there have been here buried Princess Amelia (1810), Princess Charlotte (1817), Queen Charlotte (1818), Duke of Kent (1820), George III. (1820), Duke of York (1827), George IV. (1830), William IV. (1837), Princess Augusta (1840), Queen Adelaide (1849), George V., King of Hanover (1878), and the Duke of Albany (1884). A few hours after the funeral ceremony upon the last mournful occasion, her Majesty, accompanied by other members of the Royal Family, was attended by the Very Rev. Randall T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, and was conducted from the Deanery to the east aisle of St. George's Chapel, and down the brass-railed steps at the back of the reredos to the vault where the Duke's coffin had been deposited. The interior of the Royal vault, which at other times remains in complete darkness, and the passage leading to it, were lighted during the Queen's inspection. The Royal party remained about half an hour.

NEW BOOKS.

Alliteration is the worst fault to be found with the title of *A Junkt in a Junk* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); and the worst of such a fault is that it excites apprehensions of forced facetiousness on the part of the anonymous author, who thus foreshadows a determination to be funny at all hazards. And these apprehensions are not by any means allayed as perusal proceeds, though the volume on the whole is sufficiently agreeable as well as sprightly and interesting. The contents are a narrative of a voyage made by two brothers from Bombay to Mangalore and, besides the mere narrative, which might have been compressed within about a score of pages, a mass of more or less amusing conversation on all sorts of subjects, intermingled with long and short pieces of verse, with denunciations of critics and criticism, and with various arguments. The style lacks the simple directness which is best adapted for stories of travel; and, on the contrary, is affected and inflated to the last degree. The two brothers are, apparently, a captain in the army and an artist, respectively; and the chief reason they had for their voyage was a desire to do something strange, and to enter for a short time upon a condition of existence in which they could lounge about like Hans Breitmann's "Mädchen mid nodings on." Their boat, which is called, for alliteration's sake chiefly, a junk, was "one of those undecked harbour boats which ply between passenger-steamers and the shore," about thirty-five feet long, with a little shed for a cabin; she was, of course, lateen-rigged, and her crew consisted of a skipper and seven men, to whom must be added a barber and a tailor; together with the military captain's own servant, a native. There was promise of sport in the fact that the skipper and crew knew nothing whatever about the waters in which they were to cruise; but the adventures are neither so many nor so perilous as they might have been under the circumstances. That shipwreck and drowning were more than once imminent, nobody will be surprised to learn; but nothing comes of the impending danger. There is a very amusing description of a fight between the military captain and a captured shark; and there is a very horrible description of a battle between several sharks, four against one. The brothers take their share in the engagement; and the part they play, or one of them plays, is very dreadful to read about in cold blood, though perhaps it cannot be termed cruel. The sketches of persons encountered at the stopping-places are entertaining enough; but most of the opinions expressed and most of the "padding" with which the volume is filled out can hardly be said to have the remotest connection with the cruise. For instance, the judgment pronounced about the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and its strategy might as well have been delivered at Bombay before starting as at Mangalore. And the same remark applies to three-quarters of the contents.

There is some excellent reading in *Life on the Lagoons*: by Horatio F. Brown (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), as it was certain that there would be, inasmuch as the contents of the volume were originally printed in the lively pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The very striking illustration, however, representing "the lion of St. Mark" on the frontispiece, is probably quite new; though

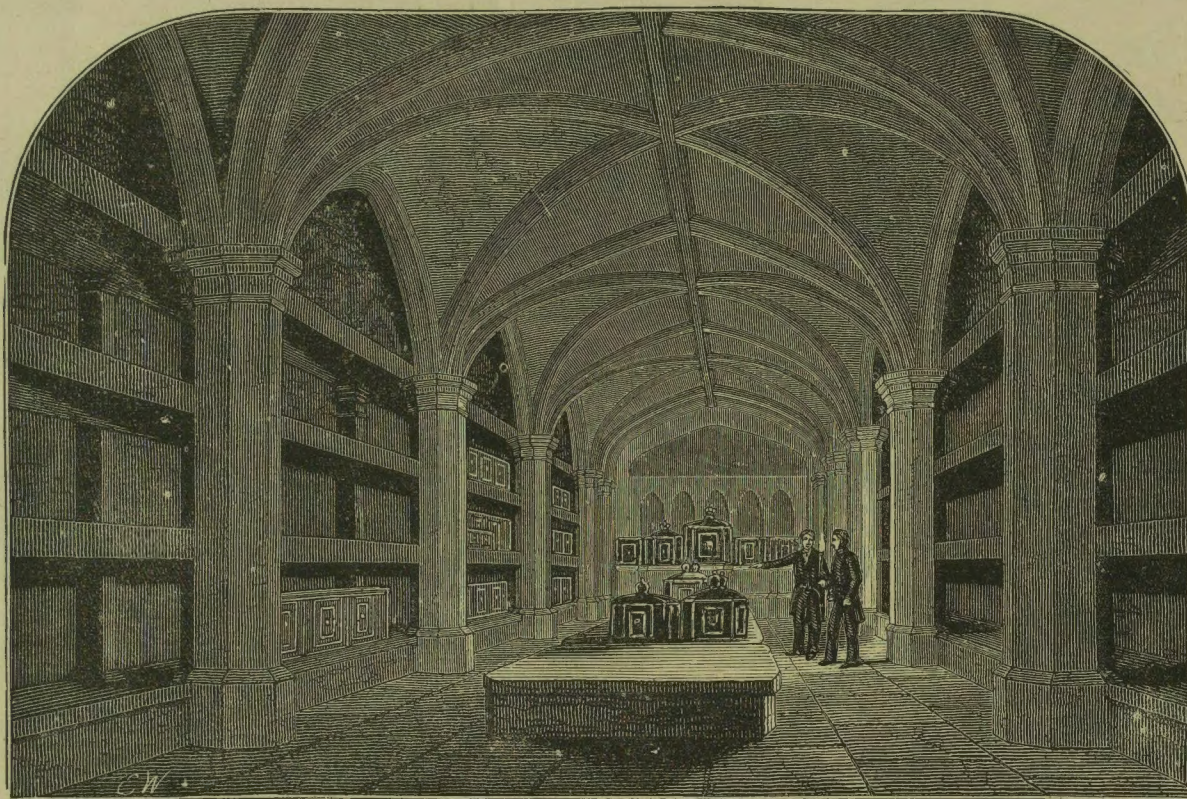
the said journal has certainly taken in these latter days to more or less ornamental as well as descriptive illustrations. "It is about the waters of Venice and the people who live on them," as the author himself informs his readers, "that this book is chiefly concerned." He has had "five years of life on the lagoons," he tells us; and he should therefore know what he is talking about. His experience leads him to say without hesitation that, though "a bad gondolier is very bad indeed," yet a good gondolier has no readily to be discovered equal. And it must assuredly be considered a testimony to the general worthiness of the class that "so many residents (in Venice) claim to be the happy possessors of the ideal gondolier." The chapter which treats of the probable manner in which the lagoons were formed, of their shape, of their extent, and so on, will be read with great interest, and perhaps to some profit; and the appreciative, sympathetic, almost enthusiastic spirit in which the author writes will communicate itself to most readers. Anecdote and well chosen quotation are judiciously mingled with descriptions; and at least one ghastly ghost-story is told, though the author asserts that "a genuine Italian ghost-story is a rarity," and gives more or less convincing reasons for the scarcity. What deficiency there may be in quantity, however, appears to be made up in quality, if we may generalise from the particular instance of the legend which is said to account for the name bestowed upon the Valle dei Sette Morti, where six fishermen, in their rough and grim jocosity, sent a little boy to ask a dead man to breakfast, and the dead man came, to their horror; they were transfixed with fear in his presence, so that their life gradually ebbed away as they gaped upon him, and, "as the sun arose, there were seven dead men sitting round the table in the room." There are about forty chapters, or separate essays, and not one of them is dry or devoid of such information as anybody who has been or intends to go, or has not been and does not intend to go, to Venice would gladly acquire; but it will be

the children of the local doctor, Mr. Tenterden Jones, while the heroic Bet goes to Canada in quest of proofs that Honor was really Mr. Bright's lawful child and heiress, and succeeds in her self-imposed mission, from which, however, she only returns to die, after witnessing the happiness of her friend and Derrick. The character of Bet may fairly be called a creation, for though her queer ways are exaggerated, she is an noble woman, in her thorough abnegation of self and capacity for the best and highest kind of love. There is nothing very remarkable about Major Deverill, and the reader can hardly avoid wondering why two such women should have loved him so devotedly. Among minor characters, there is a Mr. Jessel, Colonel Blount's Irish agent, who, knowing the secret of Honor's birth, and also loving her, bids fair at the beginning to develop into one of the villains of the piece, but, having been saved by Derrick from an "Invincible" bullet, he resigns her and becomes one of the most faithful friends of the young couple. Mrs. Tenterden Jones is sketched with a broad humour almost worthy of Lever or Dickens. The most repulsive personage in the book is Lady Kissie, a friend and accomplice of the Blounts; a made-up beauty with an insatiable appetite for gambling, and without a single redeeming feature. Inasmuch as no one is all bad, Lady Kissie is untrue to nature, and she is drawn with more unmerciful severity than even Bet's father or Derrick's mother.

Five Great Painters, by Lady Eastlake. Two vols. (Longmans). These essays are reprints of critiques which have appeared in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. The five great painters are Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Albert Dürer. And in the essays are incidentally reviewed the labours of Jean Paul Richter, Heath Wilson, A. Gotti, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Thausing, Morelli, and others. The mass of new evidence produced by these authorities is carefully weighed, and their conclusions examined with rare critical acumen. As a summary of the important results attained by the more searching and

questioning spirit of recent art-criticism, in so far as those results are confirmed by Lady Eastlake's excellent judgment—and they are so to a large extent—these essays are very timely and valuable. It is well known that the authoress shared largely in the researches of her late husband, Sir Charles Eastlake, her discernment is equally keen and independent; and she is mistress of a style at once graceful and nervous.

Not long ago a fairly comprehensive and trustworthy work on the history of ancient sculpture, either adapted for the art-student, the more advanced specialist, or the general reader, was a desideratum in our literature. Two of these classes have, however, been provided for lately. And now we have to welcome a work from the other side of the Atlantic which meets the requirements, more or less, of all three. We refer to *A History of Ancient Sculpture*, by Lucy M. Mitchell (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Mrs. Mitchell's book is a vast repository of material relating to her subject; and we can well believe that it represents ten years of assiduous labour. The field covered extends to "the monuments pre-



THE ROYAL VAULT, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, WHERE THE BODY OF THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY IS LAID.

most acceptable to the reader who has been, or intends to go, to the Lagoons.

The novel-reading public will welcome three fresh and pleasant volumes from the pen of Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, under the title of *A Beggar on Horseback* (Hurst and Blackett). The earliest and latest scenes are laid in Ireland, though the phase of life depicted is neither the squalid nor the rollicking, but simply that of a resident landlord, who unostentatiously did his duty among his own people until his career was cut short by accident. The heroine of the book is his tenderly-nurtured but unacknowledged daughter, Honor Bright, a beautiful and high-minded girl, who undergoes much indignity and unworthy treatment at the hands of Colonel Blount, who steps in as heir-at-law, and while giving Honor to understand that she has no claim on him, takes her to his own home in London, where he and his wife endeavour to use her for their own purposes, but without any great amount of success. The family group, though small, is unique, for Colonel Blount has a daughter by his first wife, named Bet, who is a large-hearted oddity, and Mrs. Blount, or "the step" as she calls her, has an only son by a previous marriage, a dashing young officer named Derrick Deverill, who had won Bet's love in her early youth, and cast it aside as a plaything of which he was tired. He had seen Honor in her Irish home before the death of her guardian, and was fairly captivated by her beauty and sweetness, while she fully reciprocated his affection. Most women in Bet's position would have hated Honor cordially; but, being thoroughly unselfish, she became her warm friend, did her best to shield her from dangers and annoyances, and even aided and abetted her occasional interviews with Derrick. These complications would have been sufficient for most novel-writers, but Mrs. Power O'Donoghue uses them only as a sort of substratum for her story. Colonel Blount is neither more nor less than a card-sharper, and his elegant wife has her own inscrutable methods of assisting him to fleece the guests who make a business of eating his *recherché* little dinners and playing for high stakes afterwards. He endeavours to utilise Honor in a similar manner, though she is unaware of it, and when found out tries to force her into a marriage with one of his victims, Sir Tittleum Tibbs, a rich and elderly roué, who is willing to condone the whole affair if the beautiful Irish girl can be persuaded to become his bride. But she firmly refuses, and after some stormily cruel scenes with the Colonel, falls opportunely ill, and is sent to a fever hospital, where Bet finds and nurses her into convalescence. When fully recovered, she goes back to Ireland, and takes up her abode with her old nurse and foster sister, earning her living by acting as governess to

served to us from Egypt, Chaldaea, Assyria, and Persia; those left by the Phœnicians on many shores; and those found in Asia Minor, Greece, on the islands of the Ægean, and in Italy." These monuments are taken to comprise the glyptic gem as well as the colossal statue; while vase-painting, mosaics, and other sources are resorted to in order to throw light on the sculptor's art. The authoress has informed herself very largely of the archaeological researches of the Germans, the French, and ourselves; as well as of the records left us by Greek and Roman writers. She states that she has also studied the original works so far as possible, and, when these were inaccessible, the best casts and photographic reproductions. The very careful and copious "Notes and References," the list of quotations, the tables of the sculptures in the various museums, and the General Index at the end of the volume, enhance its value immensely. Moreover, the text is illustrated by 300 wood-engravings, and phototype plates; and by a portfolio of phototypes of thirty-six important sculptures. For the rest, our praise must be qualified. We cannot be too thankful for the profusion of facts and opinions collected to enable us to reconstruct the past; but the authoress herself does not revivify it. Her style also sadly lacks the *retenue*, and chastity, so to speak, befitting the theme. She is apt to accept vague unfounded theories without critical reserve; and she expresses her exuberant admiration in terms that are extravagant and of more than questionable taste.

Wood-Engraving, a manual of instruction, by W. J. Linton (George Bell and Sons). This little volume, by the first wood-engraver of his time, will be very useful to the student, not only for the practical instruction it contains, but also for the brief historical account of the art of wood-engraving. The author possesses rare qualifications for his task. A practical wood-engraver of the first order, a man of liberal views and cultivated mind, he writes clearly and concisely, and imparts his instruction without pedantry or egotism. The learner is not oppressed with too many dry technicalities; and the critical remarks on contemporary art and artists give the work a wider interest than usually belongs to books of elementary instruction.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board has forwarded circular communications to the various local bodies of the metropolis informing them that in future the board's hospital at Hampstead will be known as the North-Western Hospital, that at Fulham as the Western, that at Stockwell as the South-Western, that at Deptford as the South-Eastern, that at Homerton as the Eastern, and that the proposed hospital at Winchmore-hill will be known as the Northern Hospital.